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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK.)

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, BY G. E. DEBBARATS & SON, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

(REGISTERED.)

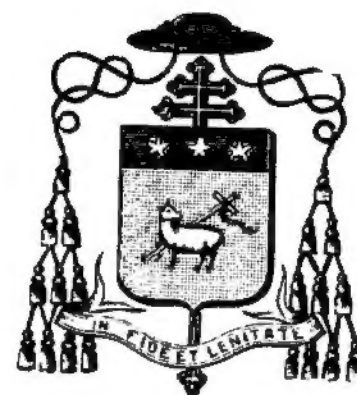
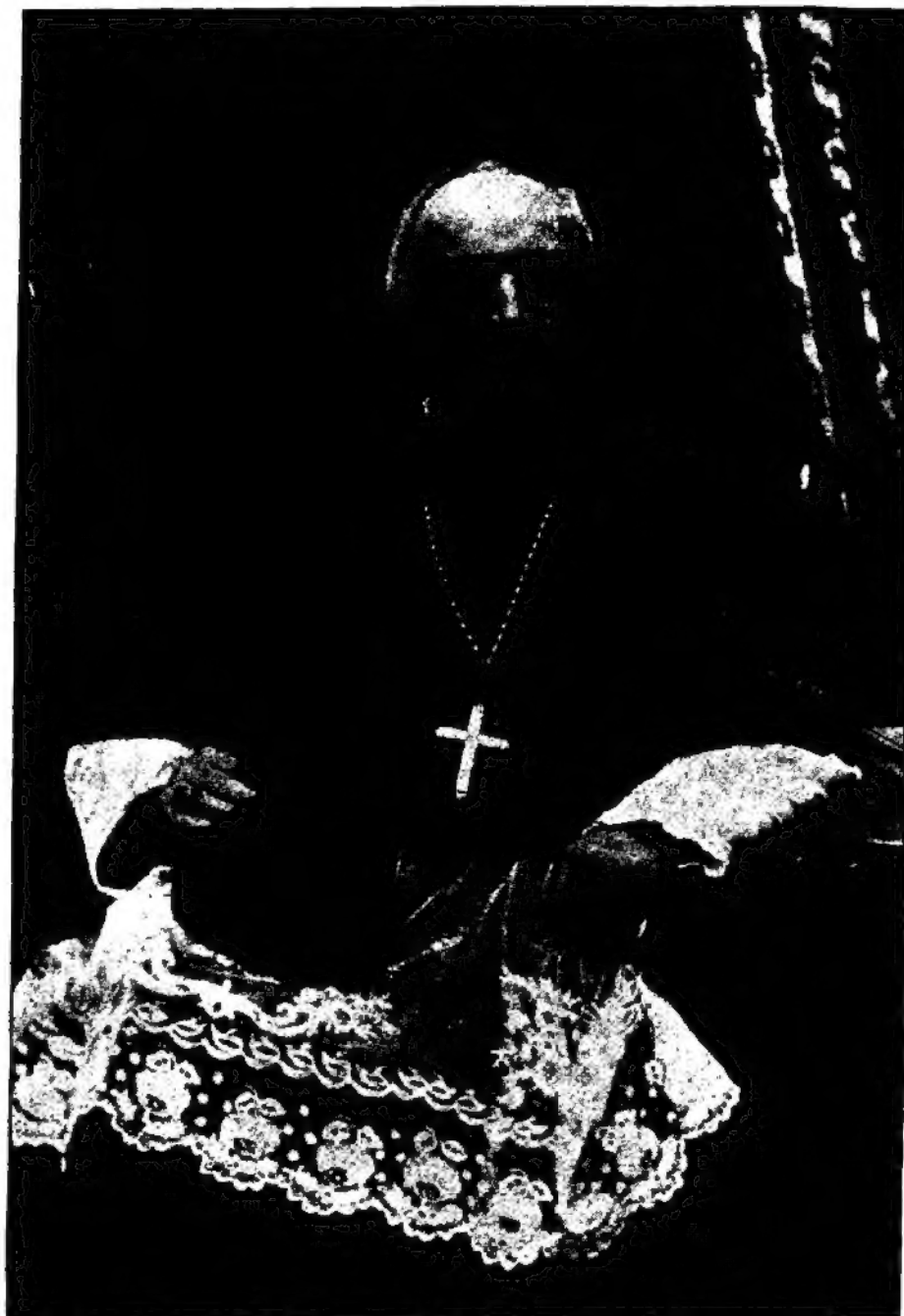
VOL. II.—No. 47.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 25th MAY, 1889.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM.
10 CENTS PER COPY.



SEAL OF MGR. LARTIGUE.



SEAL OF MGR. FABRE.

HIS GRACE MGR. EDOUARD CHARLES FABRE, ARCHBISHOP OF MONTREAL.
From a photograph by Query Bros.



MONSEIGNEUR LARTIGUE, FIRST BISHOP OF MONTREAL.



MONSEIGNEUR BOURGET, SECOND BISHOP OF MONTREAL.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOPS OF MONTREAL.

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

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SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

25th MAY, 1889.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

THE QUEBEC DISASTER!

We have in our engravers' hands two portraits of the late Major Short, so universally lamented, which we will publish in our next issue. We are also engraving several views of Major Short's funeral, both at Quebec and at Kingston, taken specially for the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. Also, two views of the ruins of St. Sauveur, showing the extent and completeness of the devastation, and a photograph of the crowd of sufferers claiming relief at the Oblat Presbytery.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

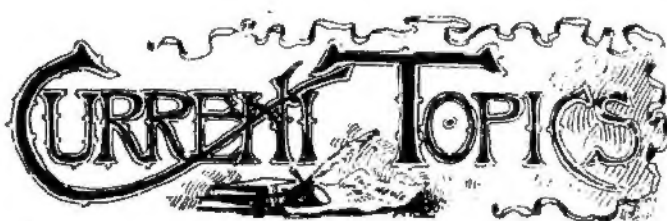
We have made arrangements to have as complete a pictorial record as possible of the Montreal celebration, including photographs of the visiting regiments, the review, the camp, etc.; also, of the presentation of colours to the 53rd at Richmond. We will be thankful if both professional and amateur photographers abroad on that festive day will send us prints of the events they secure on their films: sporting events, family picnics, rural scenes. We would like to have pictures from every section of the Queen's Canadian Dominion, to show the hearty, loyal and widespread observance of Her Majesty's birthday.

CANADIAN INDUSTRIES.

We draw special attention to our introductory article on CANADIAN INDUSTRIES in this number. All manufacturers, producers and exporters are specially interested in the series of papers which we intend to publish on this subject, and which will be illustrated in a complete and instructive manner. The first two articles, now being prepared, on the FLOUR PRODUCTION of Canada, with illustrations of Mr. W. W. Ogilvie's mills, and on the CHEESE PRODUCTION of the Dominion, with views of Mr. Macpherson's cheese factories at Lancaster, will contain interesting and authentic statistics of a positively astounding nature on the growth and magnitude of these important industries. We invite manufacturers throughout the Dominion, who are willing to co-operate in this work, to correspond with us on the subject.

SEND US PHOTOGRAPHS.

Now that the season has come for fishing, camping, canoeing, mountain, seaside, and other excursions, the amateur photographer is on the wing, and hundreds of good pictures are taken, showing various phases of our outdoor summer life, which would interest the public, and which we would like to reproduce in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. Don't be selfish! Instead of keeping your pretty photographs for the private eye of a few friends, send us a print of each, so that we may engrave and publish the best and most interesting subjects.



In one of Mr. Ernest Ingersoll's very pleasant books on natural history there is a touching picture of a seal and its young, which are almost human in their expression of mutual affection and confidence. To come up behind those creatures thus enjoying the bliss of life in their native domain and to knock them on the heads with a gaff seems a cruel proceeding. Those who have seen it done for the first time are generally shocked at the new revelation of human brutality thus furnished to them. We have heard persons who were not at all sentimental—persons who would cut off a man's leg without winking—express their esthetic disapproval of the murderous proceeding. The seals are so innocent and so happy that it is a pity to disturb them by so rude a surprise. We can quite understand, therefore, that when Lady Blake (wife of the rejected of Queensland) first witnessed this harsh method of making a livelihood she was greatly distressed. She felt it her duty to appeal to the humane public, and she chose the *Nineteenth Century* for her channel of communication. There she makes a serious charge, viz., that the sealers of Newfoundland do not even wait till their prey is dead before divesting it of the skin, and that they then leave the still palpitating body to die slowly in agony. We are glad for the sake of our insular neighbour's good name that Lady Blake was misinformed or that her sympathies deceived her. The Rev. M. Harvey, who has for many years been in constant correspondence with the *Montreal Gazette*, and the author of the article on the "Seal Fisheries" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and of a standard work on "Newfoundland," assures the public that no cruelty is committed, that the blow of the skilled hunter despatches the seal immediately, and that if, by mischance, in some rare case, the vital spark might still linger, it would be so feeble as to almost preclude the possibility of consciousness or sensation. A palpitating movement is, indeed, observable in the flesh of seals and other slaughtered animals, even when it is known that life is extinct. Lady Blake's account is very sensational, and it is satisfactory to learn that it is not based on reality.

It would probably be impossible to frame a copyright law that would at once satisfy all publishers and at the same time make the average author feel that justice was done him. Hitherto the publisher's terrestrial paradise has been in the United States. The flooding of the market with cheap books has at last created a distaste for unlimited piracy, and the old-established firms, beaten by default on an arena which they disdained to enter, have appealed to the tribunal of international equity. The author's paradise is a castle in Spain—a stronghold of traditional conservatism which allows him copyright for life and permits his heirs to hold it for eighty years afterward. In Canada authors have not asserted themselves very vigorously as yet. The publishers have, however, been looking after their interests, and have succeeded in evading the sweeping Berne arrangement and securing in its stead a more favorable settlement. By the law, as it now stands, copyright works must be printed and published here within a month of their appearance elsewhere. Otherwise, the Minister of Agriculture may issue licenses to such Canadian publishers as

apply for them to issue such works in the Dominion, ten per cent. of the retail price being returned to the Treasury for the benefit of the authors. The law thus superseded allowed the introduction into Canada of foreign reprints of British copyrights on the payment to the owners of 12½ per cent. royalty, besides the ordinary customs dues, unless Canadian copyright had been obtained by the work being printed and published in the Dominion.

One of the subjects to be discussed at the International Marine Conference which meets at Washington next autumn will be the perils to which vessels crossing the Atlantic are exposed. A quickened sense of those perils has been created by several hair-breadth escapes that have taken place during the last few years. The strange thing is that this increasing consciousness of the dangers of ocean travel does not in the least degree impair the eagerness of the demand for faster steamships. Fast ships the mercantile communities of both sides of the Atlantic must have at whatever cost in harrassed nerves to timid voyagers. Last year a sort of symposium was opened in the pages of the *North American Review* on this very question, and the weight of the testimony presented by the experts who took part in it was in favour of swiftness even as an element in safety. If there was real danger, it was urged, the sooner the crisis was past the better. Delay only increased the risk. But what of the slower vessel in such a case? That was another question. That there is risk will hardly be doubted by any one who reads the experience of Captain C. W. Kennedy in the pages of the same review. One source of safety, according to that experienced sailor, is a uniform system of compass fog signals. His advice is that the maritime nations should not delay the needed reform till oft repeated warnings are confirmed by some dreadful catastrophe. The Samoa disaster has also directed attention to the hurricanes of the inter-tropical Atlantic, and the publication of a hurricane chart of West Indian waters in connection with the monthly "Pilot Chart" of the Weather Bureau has been devised in view of the season's possibilities.

Quebec has been visited by another of those calamitous fires which have so often desolated that ancient city. It began soon after midnight on the morning of the 16th inst. in a small wooden house near the St. Valier toll-gate and swept with resistless fury over the whole St. Sauveur district, the material of the houses and the lack of proper protective appliances making the district a ready prey to the flames. More than eight hundred families were rendered homeless, and great distress prevails in spite of efforts to relieve it. A deeper gloom overshadowed the stricken city when it was known that Major Short, of B. Battery, and Staff-Sergeant Wallack, had perished while trying to arrest the progress of the fire. Under Major Short's direction four houses had already been blown up and the explosive had been placed in the ground floor of another, when, some delay occurring in the working of the fuse, the Major, followed by Sergeant Wallack, entered the building to see what was wrong. The explosion then took place, instantly killing Major Short, who was literally torn in pieces, and fatally injuring Sergeant Wallack. Both the deceased soldiers were general favorites in their respective circles. Major Short had distinguished himself in the Northwest rebellion and was highly esteemed by all his comrades for his courage, modesty and geniality. His death is mourned not only in Quebec, but at Kingston, the home of his

wife's father, Mr. John Carruthers, and wherever he was known.

The Canadian cattle season in England is said to have made a fair beginning, and by exporters the hope is entertained that prices will be more favourable than last year. The *Canadian Gazette* has, however, uttered a note of warning, reminding shippers that they have to compete with the frozen mutton and beef trade which has attained large proportions. The demand so far has been good, early cargoes meeting with a ready sale.

Our neighbours seem to be very touchy, if the excitement which rumour ascribes to San Francisco on the ground of the fortification of Esquimaux may be taken as a sample of their temper. A Cabinet minister at Ottawa, when questioned on the subject, acknowledged that undoubtedly Esquimaux was being strengthened and improved—the chief feature in the operations being the graving dock, which would enable British men-of-war to lie up for repairing and refitting. As to the works being a menace to the peace of the two countries, the statement was absurd. Besides, if the Americans were alarmed, they could retaliate in kind by building a fort opposite. The garrison of Royal Marine Artillery is now on its way to Esquimaux.

For some time past there has been a movement in Ontario and the Maritime Provinces having for its aim the federation of the colleges so as to constitute one strong University. In both sections the controversy between the federationists and those who would maintain the *status quo* has been carried on with considerable asperity. Last week a fresh stage in the agitation was reached when the Alumni of Victoria University met to elect a vice-chancellor and to fill two vacancies in the Senate. In every case anti-federationists were elected by strong majorities. Mr. Kerr, Q.C., LL.D., the retiring vice-chancellor, was again chosen to fill that position. Mr. Hough, M.A., of Toronto, was re-elected to the University Senate, but Mr. Dyer, M.A., principal of Albert College, Belleville, who had voted for federation, was rejected in favour of Mr. G. A. Masten, M.A., barrister, of Toronto, who had taken as decided a stand against the movement. The graduates thus expressed in the most unmistakable manner their antagonism to the proposed change. Sir Thomas Galt has also sustained the injunction of the corporation of Cobourg against the removal of the college to Toronto.

The talk about annexation seems to have aroused some alarm among Mexican statesmen. Senor Romero, the able representative of Mexico at Washington, has deemed it his duty to utter a protest against any possible intention of his country's powerful neighbor to extend its frontier towards the South. After pointing out that such a policy of self-aggrandizement by the absorption of adjacent states is alien to the spirit of the American constitution and the best traditions of the republic, he indicates some of the grievous results that would follow any aggression of that kind, and closes by saying with a plainness not to be misconstrued that the Mexicans would never be either forced or beguiled into surrendering their independence.

OUR CANADIAN INDUSTRIES.

There is one phase of our progress in recent years to which the attention of our own people, as well as of foreigners cannot be too frequently directed. We mean that phase which consists in the opening up of new fields of productive industry and the enlargement, by subdivision and extension, of old ones. Few persons, indeed, who have not made a special study of the subject, have a just idea of the range, diversity and importance of our manufactures. It is probably because the opening up of our Northwest, with its vast wheat-yielding areas, by the construction of our grand trans-continental railway, was taking place at the same time, that our contemporaneous and corresponding industrial development has been, in comparison, underestimated. Progress is, indeed, manifold. Without adequate means of communication and transport, we might wait in vain for due fruition of the products of our skill and labour. Without the peopling of our waste places, the greatest incentive to exertion and enterprise would be wanting. All these modes of national growth should be simultaneous and in harmony—in fact, different but equally necessary movements in the healthy working of the mighty social fabric. The common mind is, however, most attracted by that which puts and keeps itself *en évidence*. The Northwest had the elements of vastness, of untold wealth. Those endless plains—only lately the sole heritage of the Indian and the bison—contained a secret which statesmen had been earnestly seeking for generations. The surplus millions of Great Britain, of all Europe, nay, of Asia—if her children were not anticipated and kept aloof—might there have elbow room and inheritance. And when, with almost incredible despatch, a line of railway was built which brought those long isolated prairie stretches virtually to the door of Europe, fulfilling, at the same time, the old dream of a Northwest passage, it is not surprising that for some years strangers who thought of Canada, thought chiefly of that world's granary between the great lakes and the Rocky Mountains.

But it so happens that the very years that wrought that marvel for civilization were also the years during which Canada was solving the long vexed problem of industrial independence. It is not necessary for us to discuss theories of free trade or protection. Realities, results are what we undertake to deal with; and it suffices to establish the truth which we would emphasize—that within a time over which our younger men can easily look back, the position of Canada as to all departments of manufacturing activity has undergone a change which it is impossible to ignore. Just now we have no intention of going into statistics. That task we shall discharge in due time and, we trust, fully to the satisfaction of our readers. Meanwhile, we might say, "Circumspice" to those who ask evidence of the great things that we have accomplished. Look around, indeed! Montrealers need not for that end cross the boundaries of their own great city, destined, at no distant day, to be one of the grandest centres of production and entrepôts or trade in either hemisphere. But who will tell the multiplicity of industries that are pursued under that dark vaporous mass, the offspring of many cloud-compelling smokestacks? What do the uninitiated, or even some of those who do not class themselves in that category, really know of what goes on in those hives of skilful labour? They know, doubtless, that two immense refineries, in the

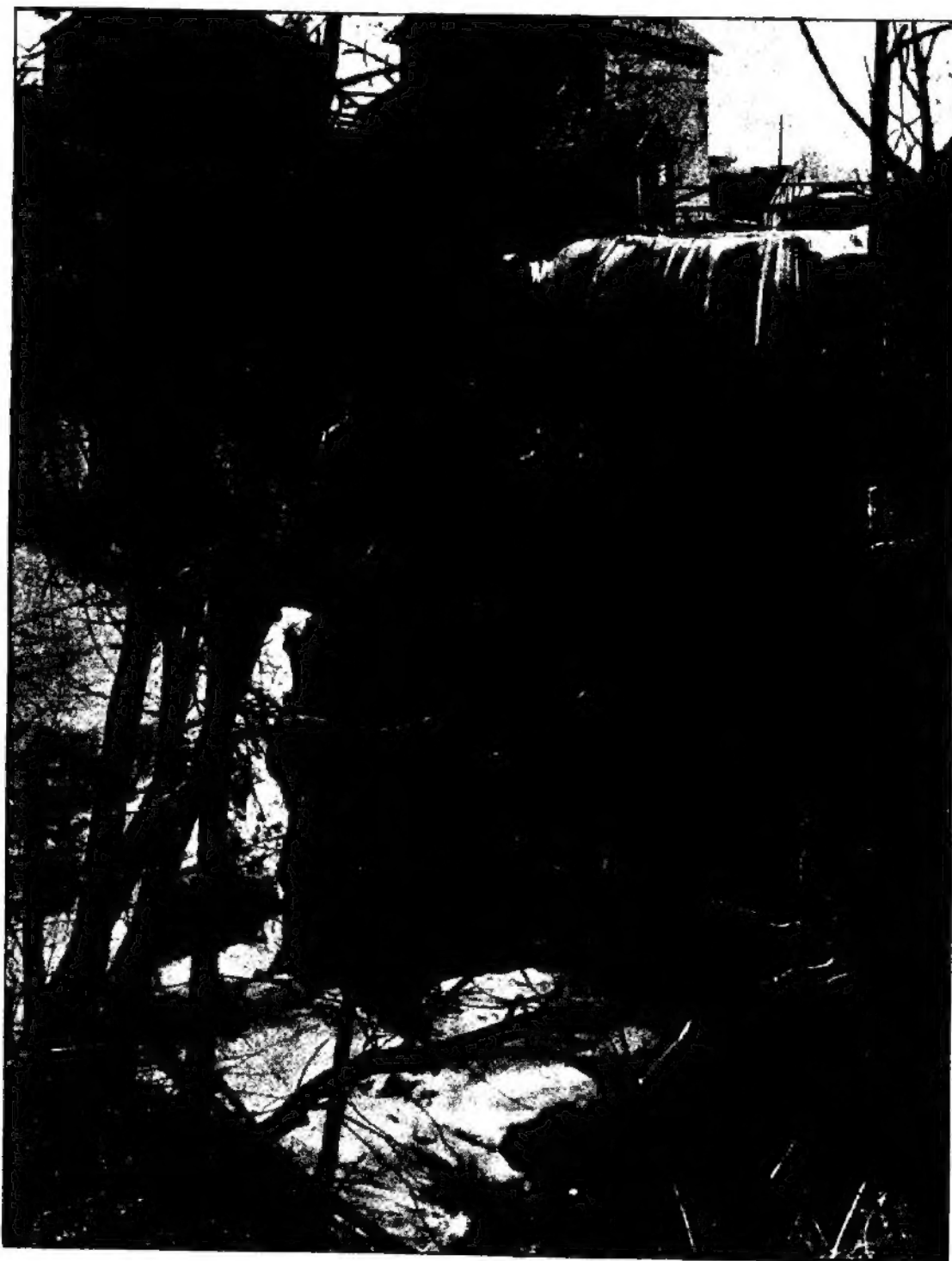
very midst of us, produce the sugar, yellow and white, granulated and loaf, that we consume; that, in several great mills, human hands and iron fingers divide among them the functions of making cotton, while, in another establishment, the bounty of nature and men's ingenuity are utilized to endow the public with all varieties of "rubber goods." What lessons in these three industries alone! What a fund of information and novel entertainment might be drawn from all the processes that slowly and surely convert three vegetable substances into such an infinity of commodities for the use of mankind!

Our mineral wealth is really only beginning to be properly appreciated. Yet how many are aware of the extent and variety of the industries based on the working of our metals—all precious in a truly economic sense? It would take several articles like this merely to enumerate intelligently and intelligibly all the branches of productive industry that owe their existence to our need of metal implements, utensils, engines and machinery. The metal workers—craftsmen in steel, in iron, in brass and copper and lead—comprise the bridge-builders, the engine and boiler-makers, the founders, the machinists, the saw and edge-tool manufacturers, and many other of the most important agents in the supply of what is useful and beautiful in our complex civilization. And then, again, there is the class of workers in wood, whose fabrics are indispensable to the every day life of rich and poor alike. What woods of native growth are of service to the manufacturer and how many of them are turned to the best possible account in the fabrication of articles of use and ornament, as well as in construction? What woods have we to import and what are the industries founded on those exotics?

Now, on all these points, and many others, we intend to lay a great deal of really interesting and valuable information before our readers. We wish to show them by contrast what has been effected in the utilization, for manufacturing purposes, of our native resources. We mean to present them with views of the exteriors and interiors of some of our grand manufacturing establishments, several of which are noteworthy for the beauty of their environment as well; and we also purpose showing them specimens of the outputs of those mighty transforming agencies. Rightly regarded, indeed, there is nothing in the romancer's inventions, nay, nothing in those stories of metamorphoses that delighted the ears of dead generations of Egyptians, Assyrians, Indians, Greeks, Romans and Arabs, which, for real interest, exceeds the marvels of modern industry. Out of the heart of rock or tree, out of the trampled weed or the very refuse that we spurn, are fashioned substances that nourish or adorn the body, shapes of use and beauty that delight the eyes, engines of power and help that are boons to our race.

But to acquit ourselves satisfactorily of such a task, to lay before our readers the multiform products of Canadian industry, to present, in consecutive numbers of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*, a worthy panorama of the most important features of our industrial development, we must have the sympathy and concurrence of our manufacturers and business men themselves. We are most anxious that no phase of our progress should be omitted from the survey which we would present to our readers. But on the ready help that we receive from those who, by building up the country's industries, have contributed to that progress, will depend the accuracy and completeness of our facts and

The workmen engaged in replacing the pavement of the retro-choir of Lincoln Cathedral had occasion recently to remove the decayed slab which covered the grave of Bishop Oliver Sutton, who died November 13, 1299. In the grave they found a silver-gilt chalice and paten in a state of perfect preservation; also a large gold ring set with a piece of rock crystal. The ring is pronounced to be of the purest gold, and still bears the marks of burnishing. By the side of the skeleton was a much-decayed crozier, with the crook beautifully carved with maple leaves.



DE CEW FALLS, ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

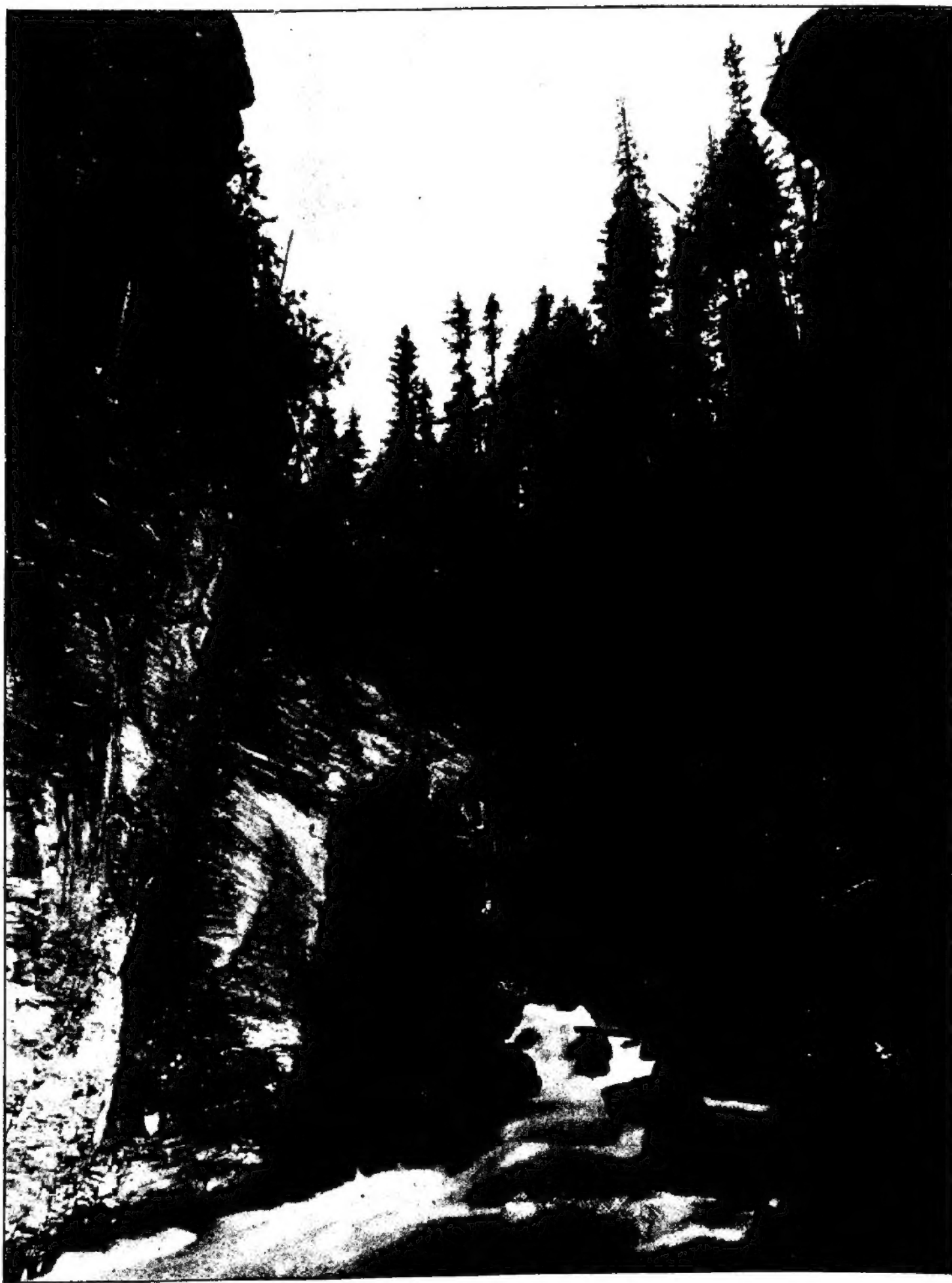
From a photo. by Poole.



THE LION AT HOME.

From the painting by Rosa Bonheur.

Photo. supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.



ALBERT CANYON, ILLICILLIWAET RIVER, SELKIRKS.

From a photo. by Notman.

illustrations. We, therefore, appeal to that important class of citizens of the Dominion who represent the manufacturing interest to further an idea which, while aiding this journal to attain one of the ends for which it was established—that is, the elucidation of our varied resources and their manifold modes of development—will also be of the utmost service to themselves individually in placing their special branches of manufacture in an attractive and effective form before the most intelligent portion of the community, as well as the outside world.

RECENT PROGRESS IN ART.

Not long since we gave a general survey of what had been accomplished in the Dominion in the way of provision for art education. The reports of various institutions for the past year, which have just come under our notice, give pleasing evidence of the continued and, in some instances, remarkable progress achieved by the pupils attending them. The close of the season at the Ottawa Art School was distinguished by the presence of Lord and Lady Stanley and their suite, as well as by several of the most prominent members of the society of the Capital. Among those present were General Sir Frederick and Lady Middleton, Sir James Grant, K.C.M.G., Sir John Ross, Mr. G. W. Wicksteed, Q.C., Major Wicksteed, Mr. Alfred Patrick, C.M.G., Mr. Marcus Smith, Mr. Vernier, Mr. Drummond and Mr. W. C. Barry. Besides a number of sketches in oils and water-colours, charcoal and freehand drawing, decorative and industrial art, there were some exhibits in art needlework, which drew forth expressions of admiration from the ladies present. Sir James Grant, M.D., having read an address of welcome to the viceregal party, His Excellency replied in fit terms, pointing out the danger, in a young community like ours, of giving such preponderance to the claims of material progress that those of our esthetic development would be set aside. He was happy to be able to say that, as far as his observation had extended, the cause of art had its advocates as well as that of industry and commerce. In the exhibits of work done at the school, he was glad to recognize the signs of very real ability. As to the art needlework, Lady Stanley was of opinion that it rivalled some of the best work of the same class on this continent, and did great credit to Miss Barrett. His Excellency mentioned, as proof of the deep and widespread interest which was taken in art education, that inquiries had come from Halifax, on the one hand, and from Vancouver, on the other, as to the working of the association, so as to copy its rules and to imitate its efficiency.

The Owens Art School of St. John, N.B., closed its fourth term, some ten days ago, with an exhibition of oils and water-colours, crayons, and black and white oils from the cast. The instructor, Mr. John Hammond, gave a brief retrospect of the work of the session, in the course of which he pointed out that, while most of the pupils were from St. John, there had also been among them residents in all parts of New Brunswick, in Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, Ontario, and the States of Maine and Massachusetts. It is noteworthy that in the list of pictures, while copies are most numerous, studies from life and nature are not wanting. The exhibition numbered altogether 219 pictures—134 oil paintings, 4 water-colours, 7 black and white oils from the cast, and 69 crayons. Among the scenes depicted not a few were Canadian.

The Toronto Art School had its annual meeting last week. The report of the Principal, Mr. Walter Scott, showed that during the first term there were 31 day students and 50 attending the evening classes; second term, day classes, 42, evening classes, 48; third term, day classes, 36, evening classes, 26; total, 122. The subjects taken up were free-hand model drawing, geometry, perspective, shading from the flat, outline from the round, outline of flowers, ornamental designs, machine drawing, advanced perspective, building construction and industrial design. There were 24 students in the primary, 17 in the mechanical course, and 22 in that of advanced arts subjects. The Hon. G. W. Allan, Speaker of the Senate, whose portrait we recently published, was elected honorary president; Dr. E. J. White, president, and the Rev. Dr. Davies, secretary and treasurer. On the motion of Col. G. Denison, seconded by Mr. Hamilton McCarthy, R.C.A., it was recommended that the duties of carrying on the work of the Art School be vested in the Free Library Board. This is, of course, only one phase of art study in Toronto, but it is a most important phase, and it is to be hoped that the suggestions of the Principal for its greater efficiency will be carried out.

Without going farther west or farther east—for the present at least—we will close this brief review by a glance at art teaching in our own city. Here, as at Toronto, we are just now mainly concerned with industrial art. Last week was opened in the old St. Gabriel Presbyterian church an exhibition of work done during the past year by the schools, under the direction of the Council of Art and Manufactures, of which Mr. S. E. Dawson is president and Mr. S. C. Stevenson is secretary. It comprised some excellent drawings, architectural and mechanical, models in woodwork, lithographs, and decorative work of various kinds. Considerable interest was aroused by bringing the several schools under the supervision of the Council into wholesome competition—Sherbrooke, Sorel, St. Jerome, Huntingdon, Farnham and others, of the Montreal district, vying with those of Levis, New Liverpool, Sillery, etc., of the Quebec district. A great variety of industrial art was represented by models and patterns. The Hon. Col. Rhodes, in presenting the prizes, said some timely words. During the last fifteen or twenty years the work of these schools has been of the utmost practical benefit to this province, and too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Stevenson and the other gentlemen who have co-operated with him in bringing them to their present state of efficiency. The prizes were awarded to the pupils of the Art Association classes of this city, on Monday last. The name of the winner of the scholarship has not yet been made public, but the showing of the competition was in the main satisfactory. On the whole, both in the ideal and practical domain, art education in Canada is advancing steadily and showing results which are full of encouragement for its promoters.

The Duc de Dural has determined to leave his pictures in New York, to be disposed of gradually by private sale. The great "Boar Hunt," by Snyders, is already sold, together with the fine portrait of Christ assigned to Quentin Matsys, and "The Soldiers Gambling on a Drum," by Salvator Rosa. The Murillo, "Virgin of the Carmelites," and the "St. Luke Painting the Virgin and Child," by Rogier van der Weyden, are under negotiation. The chances now are that the Duc de Dural will not lose anything by his trip to New York; but he certainly will not feel that he has obtained for this part of his patrimony what he had been led to suppose it was worth.



THREE BISHOPS OF MONTREAL.—In the present number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED we have the honour of presenting our Catholic readers with the portraits of the three prelates who have administered the See of Montreal since its erection in 1836 into a separate diocese. The ecclesiastical history of Canada, under the old régime was intimately associated with its civil government and social progress. The religious orders, Jesuits, Recollets and Sulpicians, played an important part in the early colonization of New France, and the story of their missionary labours is one of the most thrilling in the annals of evangelization. In 1658 Quebec was constituted an Apostolic Vicariate, and in 1674 it was made a bishopric, François Xavier de Laval-Montmorency being the first occupant of the seat of authority. His rule covered a period of thirty years. His successors were Mgr. J. B. de la Croix-Chevrières de Saint Valier, Mgr. L. F. Duplessis de Mornay, Mgr. Pierre Herman Dosquet, Mgr. F. L. Pourroy de l'Auberivière, Mgr. H. M. Dubreuil de Pontbriand, Mgr. J. O. Briand, Mgr. L. P. Mariaucheaue d'Esglis, Mgr. J. F. Hubert, who had for coadjutor Mgr. C. F. Bailly de Messein, Mgr. Denaut, Mgr. J. O. Plessis, Mgr. B. C. Panet, Mgr. Joseph Signay, Mgr. P. F. Turgeon, Mgr. C. F. Baillargeon and His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau. Even in Mgr. Denaut's time it was felt that the diocese of Quebec was too large for the supervision of a single chief pastor. It was not, however, till 1821, in the memorable episcopate of Mgr. Plessis, that any definite steps were taken towards its division. In that year the Rev. M. Lartigue, P.S.S., was consecrated bishop of Telmessia (*in partibus infidelium*), with special jurisdiction over the district of Montreal. In 1836 that district was erected into a separate diocese by Pope Gregory XVI. and Mgr. Lartigue became its first bishop. His coadjutor, Mgr. Tabeau, had died the preceding year, soon after his appointment, and Mgr. Lartigue consecrated Mgr. Ignace Bourget to take his place. On the death of Mgr. Lartigue in 1840 Mgr. Bourget became second bishop of Montreal, and, on Mgr. Bourget's retirement in 1876, His Grace the present Archbishop of Montreal was fixed upon to succeed him. In 1844 Quebec was constituted an ecclesiastical province. In 1886 the same distinction was conferred on Montreal. The Apostolic Vicariate of 1658 has grown into six Archbishoprics, twenty-one Episcopal Sees, and one Apostolic Prefecture.

MGR. LARTIGUE.—Mgr. Jean Jacques Lartigue, whose portrait will be found on another page of this number, was born at Montreal, on the 20th of June, 1777. His father was a physician, and his mother was a member of the Chénier family. He was ordained to the priesthood in the parish church of St. Denis, on the 21st of September, 1800, by Mgr. Pierre Denaut, bishop of Quebec. He was admitted to the Company of St. Sulpice on the 22nd of February, 1806, and became director of the society in the following year. In 1819, when the privileges of the Seminary were threatened by the civil authorities, M. Lartigue was chosen to plead its cause in England, which he did very successfully. He was accompanied to Europe on that occasion by Bishop J. O. Plessis, who was then undertaking a mission to Rome. When he returned to Montreal it was as bishop-designate, a bull of February 1, 1820, having appointed him bishop of Telmessia, in Lycia (*in part. infid.*) and suffragan to the Bishop of Quebec. He was consecrated in the Parish Church on the 21st of January, 1821. For a time he resided in the Seminary; then removed to the Hotel Dieu, where he remained till the episcopal palace was ready for his reception. In 1834 Mgr. P. A. Tabeau was consecrated bishop of Spiga (*in partibus*) and appointed coadjutor to Bishop Lartigue, but his death in the following year made it necessary to select another assistant. The choice fell upon M. Ignace Bourget, who was consecrated on the 25th of July, 1837. Meanwhile the district had (on the 13th of May, 1836), been erected into a diocese, to the administration of which Mgr. Bourget succeeded on Bishop Lartigue's death on Easter Sunday (April 19) 1840. The remains of the founder Bishop of the See of Montreal were deposited in the vaults of St. James Cathedral, after the burning of which edifice in 1852 they were transferred to the Hotel Dieu. In 1861 they were again transferred to Mont St. Famille.

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF MARIANOPOLIS, SECOND BISHOP OF MONTREAL.—A long interval separates the death of the first from that of the second bishop of Montreal. The youngest of our Montreal readers can probably recall the obsequies of Archbishop Bourget, whereas only a few of them will be able to recollect the troubled year of Mgr. Lartigue's decease. The future bishop and archbishop was born at Pointe Levis, P.Q., on the 30th of October, 1799, and was educated at Nicolet and the Seminary of Quebec, and ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Lartigue, whose secretary he became soon after. In 1836 he was appointed coadjutor Bishop of Montreal, with the title of Bishop of Telmessia. The care of the diocese really devolved on him from his consecration, as for several years before his death in 1840 Bishop Lartigue had withdrawn from active work. When Mgr. Bourget assumed charge of the see it comprised St. Hyacinthe and Ottawa as well as Montreal. The young bishop undertook its jurisdiction with characteristic

energy. He sought the help of a number of orders, including the Oblats, the Jesuits, the fraternities of St. Viator and the Holy Cross, established from fifteen to twenty religious communities for charity, education and various spheres of usefulness. His vigilance was incessant. Nothing escaped his notice. His pen and tongue were ever busy in the Church's service. The poor he did much to relieve. When fire devastated Montreal, when ship-fever cast thousands of sufferers on the benevolence of strangers, Bishop Bourget appealed to the sympathies of his people, and appealed not in vain. He was proud of Canada and lost no opportunity of stirring up the patriotic sentiments of his flock. He was equally devoted to the Holy See, which found in him a valiant and vigorous defender. His writings would fill several volumes. Some of his mandements are commended for grace of style as well as learning and energy. In the unhappy controversies that divided opinion in this city during a portion of Mgr. Bourget's administration, His Lordship took a decided stand and maintained it without swerving. He had little sympathy for "the spirit of the age," which he denounced unsparingly, disclaiming any compromise with what he considered utterly evil. The Holy See did not fail to mark its appreciation of Mgr. Bourget's services. In 1862 he was created a Roman Count and assistant at the Pontifical throne. Though he made many journeys to Rome, his life was, by choice and habit, that of a recluse. In 1876 he resigned, owing to age and infirmities, receiving the distinction of being elevated to the rank of archbishop, with Martianopolis as his distinctive title. He spent his closing years at Sault-au-Recollet, where he died on the 8th of June, 1885.

HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP FABRE.—The Most Rev. Edouard Charles Fabre, whose portrait and seal we are happy to present to our readers, comes of a stock which has won distinction in our recent history. His father, the late M. Edouard Raymond Fabre, was one of Montreal's most respected business men, and was honoured by his fellow-citizens by being raised to the mayor's chair in 1849-50. On his death M. Fabre left five children to inherit his virtues and the public esteem that is the meed of a well-spent life. One of his daughters became the wife of the late Hon. Sir George Etienne Cartier, while of his sons the eldest chose the sacred functions of the priesthood, and another entered on the career of journalism and politics. The latter, the Hon. L. R. Hector Fabre, C.M.G., ex-Senator, has, for years past, represented Canada in the French metropolis with an ability and acceptance the fruits of which have been enhanced by the publication of a journal specially devoted to Canadian interests. His Grace the Archbishop was educated partly at St. Hyacinthe, in this province, partly at Issy, in France. He received the tonsure from Archbishop Afire, on the 17th of May, 1845, and returning to Canada in 1850 was admitted to the priesthood by the late Mgr. Prince, some time coadjutor to Bishop Bourget and subsequently bishop of St. Hyacinthe. The young priest was appointed *cure* of Sorel, the duties of which office he discharged for nearly two years. In 1852 he became parish priest at Point Claire, where he remained until November, 1854, when he became one of the clergy attached to the Evêché. On Christmas Day, 1855, he was nominated to a canonry, and on the 1st of April, 1873, he was appointed bishop of Gratianopolis (*in part.*), his consecration at the hands of Archbishop Taschereau, taking place at Quebec on the 1st of May following. In 1876, on Bishop Bourget's resignation, he succeeded to the bishopric of Montreal, taking possession on the 10th of September in that year. On the 8th of June, 1886, he was elected first Archbishop of Montreal, receiving the pallium on the 27th of July, 1886. By a brief of the 10th of May, 1887, His Holiness Leo XIII. deemed it advisable to dismember the ecclesiastical province of Quebec and constitute three new ones in its stead—Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa. The province of Quebec comprises five dioceses—Quebec, Three Rivers, Rimouski, Chicoutimi and Nicolet, and the apostolic prefecture of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; that of Montreal three dioceses, Montreal, Sherbrooke and St. Hyacinthe; that of Ottawa consists of the diocese of Ottawa and the apostolic vicariate of Pontiac. Archbishop Fabre is esteemed and beloved by his own people, while his private virtues and public spirit have won him the respect of the entire community.

DE CEW FALLS.—This picturesque and romantic waterfall is situated about three miles from St. Catharines and about the same distance from the town of Thorold, on a small stream known as the Twelve Mile Creek, which, rising in a hilly country on the plateau traversed by the Welland Canal, here leaps the limestone ridge called the "Niagara Escarpment," and after passing the city of St. Catharines, empties itself into Lake Ontario at Port Dalhousie. To the lover of nature the scenery at the falls and in the deep glen in which they are situated is simply charming. From the immediate vicinity a magnificent view may be obtained of a large portion of the upper shore line of Lake Ontario from the mouth of the Niagara river to Hamilton and round the head of the lake to Toronto, on the opposite shore, which city may be plainly seen on a clear day without the aid of a glass, while in the intervening space stretching from the foot of the ridge to the lake lies that tract of land often described as the "Garden of Canada," including the finest country *par excellence* of the Dominion. Here the choicest varieties of peaches, pears and grapes which will not thrive on the opposite shore of the lake flourish in abundance. The soil is the most fertile in Ontario and consists of strong clay overlaid by loam, sand and gravel. Originally this portion of the country was covered with a dense growth of hardwood, including maple, hickory, beech, oak and walnut.

The photograph we reproduce was taken in the spring by Mr. James Aspdin, J.P. The name is pronounced "De Koo." Mr. John H. Cornyn, of University College, Toronto, thus sings the charms of the De Cew river:

Could I sing in worthy measure,
Could the words in cadence flow,
Painting all thy glowing beauty,
Lighting, with a sunset glow,
All the heart's fair sunny regions,
In a mantle-draping glory,
In a garb of breathing fancy,
Like some quaint Arabian story,—

Then I'd paint thee, falling water,—
Fair Decew—in all thy glory,
Smiling to the sun in heaven,
Sighing with the pine trees hoary,
Resting 'neath the sombre branches,
Where the maples, broad above thee,
Bending o'er to kiss thy shadows,
Gently whisper how they love thee

Onward! with thy rush of waters,
Speed with all thy woodland pride,
Where, in ages pre-historic,
Thou didst mine the mountain side.
Shout thou, joyously exulting—
This is thy dominion here,
Down these rocky cliffs descending,
Blackened walls that upward rear.

"Onward! onward! ever onward!"
Sing the song that thou art singing,
While the hollow hills re-echo
To the fleeting footsteps ringing.
Onward! with a man endeavour,—
Thus the race of life is won;
Thus we speed unto the Ocean,
And our feverish course is run.

"THE LION AT HOME" (FROM A PAINTING BY ROSA BONHEUR).—This marvellous picture of the King of the Forest gives us so different an idea to what we are accustomed to entertain that we are left to wonder if such domesticity really exists amid so much savagery. Any frequenter of zoological gardens, however, will have seen over and over again the tenderness ever shown the lioness and her young by the monster beast. It is a common thing to see the food tendered to the lion in the first instance summarily rejected in favour of his spouse, so that the quiet which reigns in this painting is far from imaginary. One of the greatest known critics says: "Rosa Bonheur is the most accomplished female painter who ever lived." She was born in Bordeaux, France, in 1822, and, though nearing her three score years and ten, paints as well and as successfully as ever.

ALBERT CANYON, SELKIRK RANGE. In this engraving we have a glimpse of the grand scenery of our Western Wonderland, which the Canadian Pacific Railway has brought, as it were, to the very doors of civilization. This scenery has been described again and again during the last few years. One enthusiastic tourist has given his impressions of this part of British Columbia in language which we cannot do better than reproduce. "The new mountains, before us," he writes, "are the Selkirks, and we have now crossed the Rockies. Sweeping round into the Columbia Valley, we have a glorious mountain view. To the north and south, as far as the eye can reach, we have the Rockies on one hand and the Selkirks on the other, widely differing in aspect, but indescribably grand. Both rise from the river in a succession of tree-clad benches, and soon, leaving the trees behind, shoot upwards to the regions of perpetual ice and snow. The railway turns down the Columbia, following one of the river-benches through gigantic trees for twenty miles to Donald, where a number of our fellow-passengers leave us. . . . Crossing the Columbia, and following it down through a great canyon, through tunnels and deep rock-cuttings, we shortly enter the Beaver valley and commence the ascent of the Selkirks, and then for twenty miles we climb along the mountain sides, through dense forests of enormous trees, until, near the summit, we find ourselves in the midst of a wonderful group of peaks of fantastic shapes and many colours." Again he says: "We plunge for hours through precipitous gorges, deep and dark, and again cross the Columbia river, which has made a great detour around the Selkirk Mountains, while we have come directly through them." Indeed, when the surveys for the line were first undertaken, the Selkirks rose up so apparently unpenetrable that it was thought they were cleft by no pass, and that the only way of conquering the difficulty was by a flank movement down the Columbia and around the "Big Bend." The Rogers Pass, however, takes the traveller across the seemingly insurmountable obstacle and brings him in sight of the Gold Range.

INCH ARRAN HOUSE, DALHOUSIE, N.B.—Those who have accompanied M. Faucher de Saint Maurice or Mr. J. M. Le Moine in their wanderings along the shores of the Gulf and the Baie des Chaleurs will have laid up a store of pleasant reminiscences of Dalhousie and its surroundings. The former author, in that delightful volume of travel notes, "De Tribord à Babord," and the latter, in his equally interesting "Chronicles of the St. Lawrence," have coaxed many a sturdy republican from his native haunts to enjoy the charms of our maritime scenery. Both authors have woven into their narratives many a picture from the past, passages from the history of the days of struggle, when two great nations fought for the mastery of the continent; tales of shipwreck and desolation such as the catastrophe that befell Sir Hovenden Walker; wild stories of strange apparitions that scare the simple-minded fishermen; curious Indian traditions and traits of Indian character, good and bad; records of prosperous adventure, instances of well-planned enterprise and evidences of progress that guarantee still greater triumphs in the future. When M. Faucher de Saint Maurice reached Dalhousie, his first thought was to ascend the eminence in rear of the little town so as to have a good view of

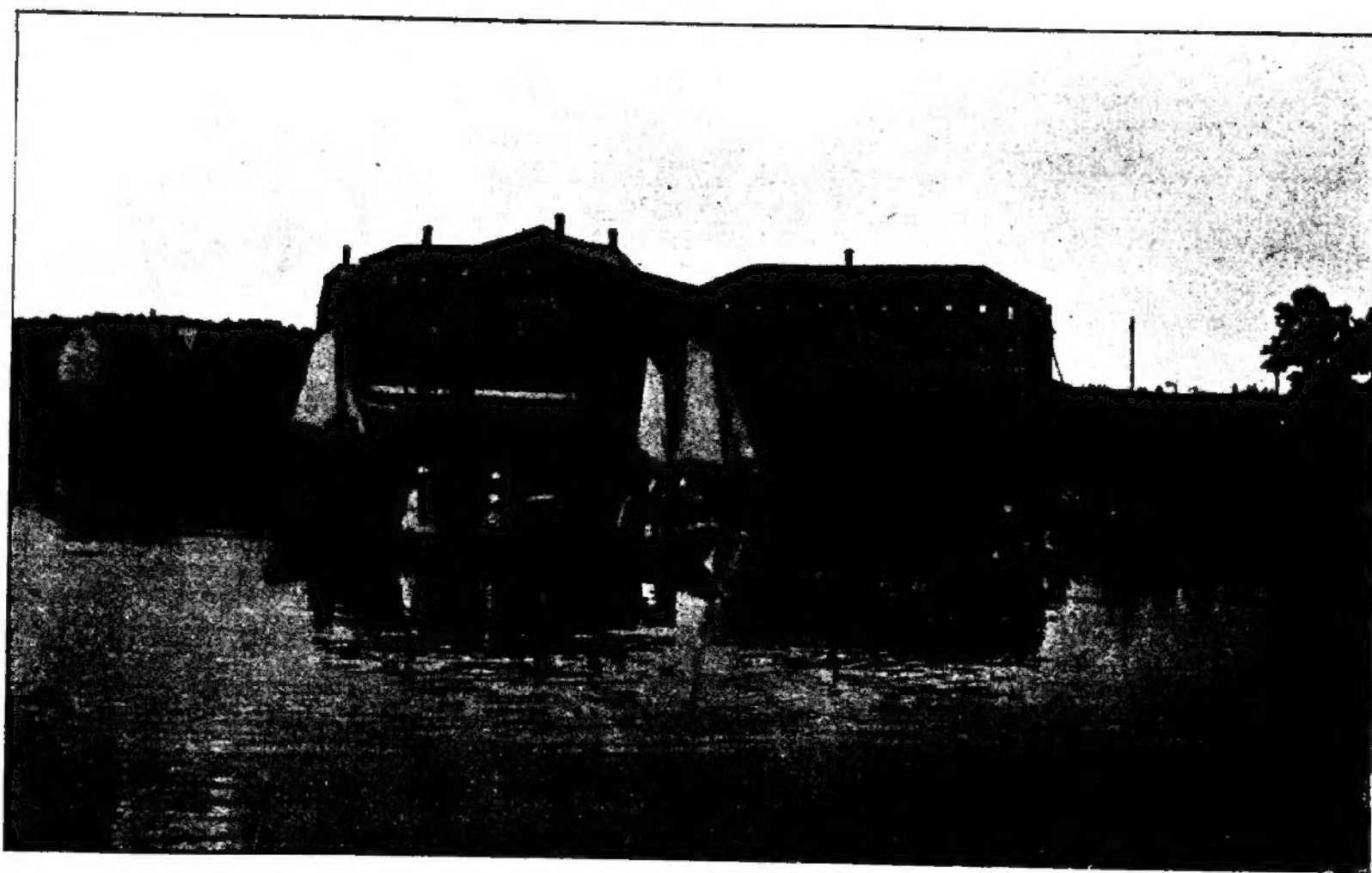
the Restigouche—name dear alike to huntsman and angler—as it discharges its waters into the Baie des Chaleurs. A charming scene it was that met his gaze on that autumn day, though his heart was saddened by mementoes of the years of trial and defeat for the race to which he is proud to belong. On leaving the spot he could only regret that the painter's pencil was not his so that he might perpetuate the beauty that had fascinated him. It is to the scene which so affected him that the attention of our readers is invited in the two engravings which they will find on another page. The town of Dalhousie—so named after one of our most distinguished governors—is situated on the right bank of the Restigouche river, at its entrance into the Baie des Chaleurs. In front of it is a crescent-shaped cove, where vessels can ride safely, while fine wharves and other conveniences furnish them with all needed accommodation. There is ample communication by rail or steamer with all the surrounding points of interest, the Intercolonial passing quite near and the river being navigable for 135 miles. The salmon and trout streams of the district are justly famous. At the junction of the Metapedia with the Restigouche is the lodge of the Restigouche Salmon Club of New York, and Cascapedia is a favourite fishing resort of Lord Stanley of Preston. The scenery of the town and its vicinity is unsurpassed for the variety of its attractions by any place on the continent. Commanding views can be obtained from the mountains that in part encircle it. Mount Dalhousie forms its background, while Tragadigash towers up on the opposite shore of the bay. The walks and drives, as well as the boating, are nowhere excelled—the roads, moreover, being kept in constant repair. The reputation of Inch Arran House for all that constitutes comfort is of the highest, and the fact that it has been a summer home during the last five years to Sir John Macdonald, Sir Donald Smith and Sir George Stephen, and that His Excellency the Governor-General has found it worthy of his patronage, is sufficient recommendation. It is only a mile distant from the Dalhousie station of the Intercolonial. The hotel will be ready for the reception of guests on the 15th of June. Of the two views, one shows the situation of Inch Arran House close to the beach; the other shows the mouth of the Restigouche. Several prominent families in Chicago, Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal have already engaged rooms at this favourite resort for the season, and the Arbitration Committee in connection with the C. P. R. will also assemble there for business on the 24th of June. The house will be under the able management of Mr. C. C. Clapham, a well-known Montrealer, and an efficient staff.

CAMP LA SALLE.—Our readers have here a view of the summer cottage of Mr. F. W. Fearman, of Hamilton, situated on Gibraltar Island, Lake Muskoka, near Beau-maris. The surrounding scene is one of singular beauty. These islands are high, in parts rocky, and covered with forest timber. They recall, in some of their aspects, the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. Their many attractions for those in search of sport, recreation and health, are drawing every year a larger number of visitors. A good many families have chosen the islands on Lake Muskoka for their regular summer homes, most of them from Canada, but several also from across the lines.

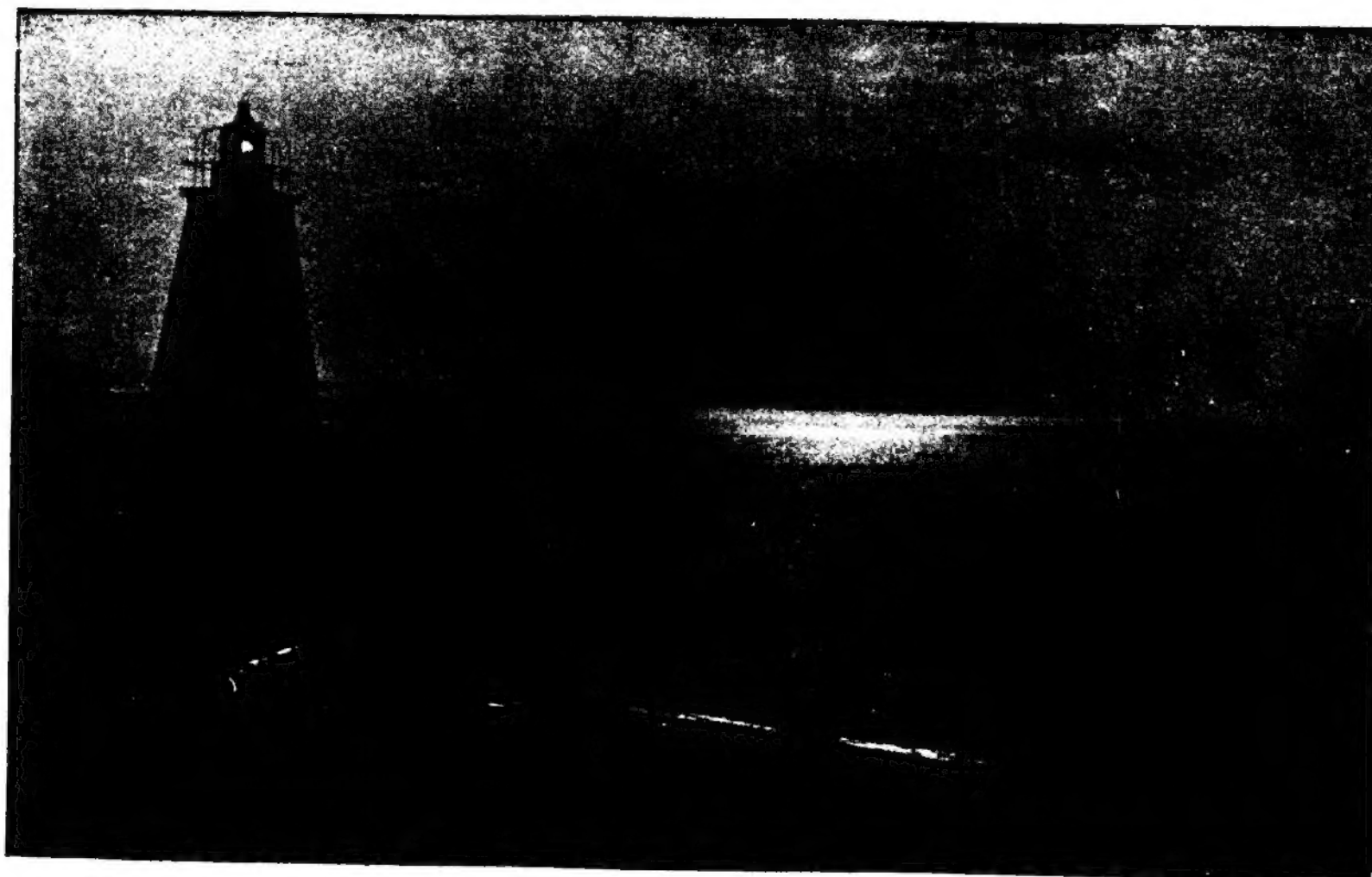
THE MONTAGNAIS INDIANS.—The group of Montagnais shown in our illustration is from a photograph taken at the Indian reserve at Pointe Bleue, Lake St. John, to which a visit was paid last summer by His Excellency the Governor-General and the Lady Stanley of Preston and suite. The Montagnais, who gather here for their summer mission and for the manufacture of their canoes, hunt in winter in the forests that lie between Bersimis, on the Lower St. Lawrence, and Mistassini Lake. They are probably the most interesting tribe in North America, and certainly no other Canadian Indians can nearly approach them in darkness of skin. They are so decidedly copper-coloured that the Hurons of Lorette would appear quite pale-faced alongside of them. Here and there may be picked out one of somewhat doubtful origin, but in almost all of such cases the visitor is but little surprised to learn that those of the lighter complexions were born in the vicinity of the Hudson Bay Company's posts at Lake Mistassini or James' Bay. The children and younger women of the tribe are, as a rule, healthy-looking and full in the face. The men and the older women are almost invariably marked with hollow cheeks and other symptoms of an approaching decline. There are scarcely any very old men or women in the tribe. The hardships that they endure are certainly responsible for the absence of longevity. They spend their winter nights in tents or lodges, sleeping upon *sapin* boughs piled up on the snow, and when game is scarce they not infrequently feel the pangs of hunger for several days together, while many of their number have been known to die of starvation. The squaws display great admiration for gay colours and wrap their shoulders in the brightest of bright cotton handkerchiefs, which are also used as head-dresses for the children. The costume of a Montagnais matron is incomplete without the tribal tuque, similar in shape to the ordinary tuque of Canadian snowshoers, but with the point caught down in front to the band, and the whole formed of alternate pointed stripes of red and black, each stripe piped in blue. The distinguishing feature of a Montagnais belle is the manner of dressing her deep black hair. This is divided in two by a parting at the back, and at each side it is fastened in front of her ear in a large roll, finished off and wound around the middle exactly like a hank of yarn. The whole tribe are devoted Roman Catholics, and it is an interesting experience to visit the little Indian church and hear them sing in their own peculiar language in adoration of the Virgin.

THE EIFFEL TOWER, PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1889.—On another page we present our readers with a view of this

OUR SUMMER RESORTS:



INCH ARRAN HOUSE, DALHOUSIE, N. B.

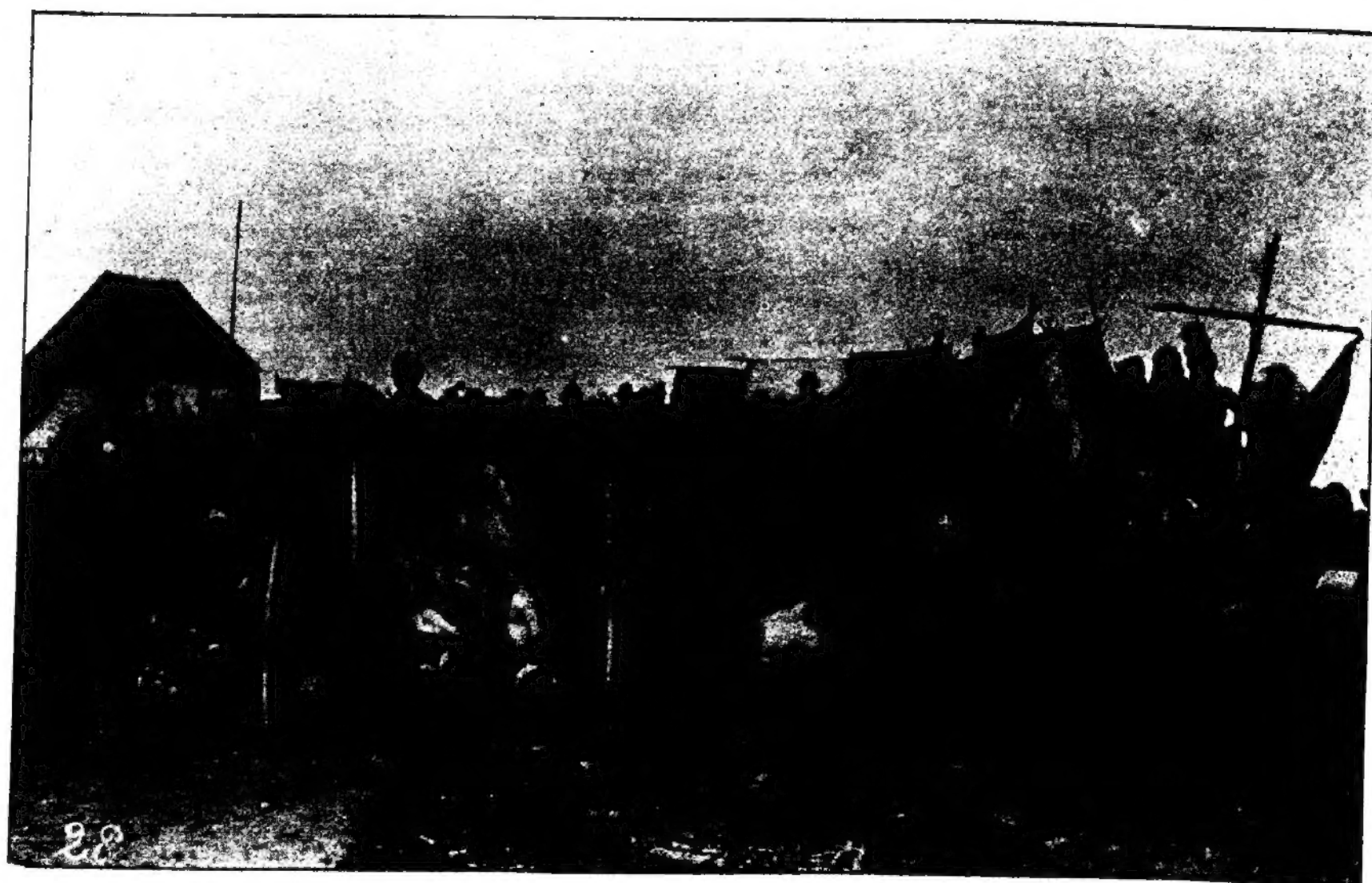
VIEW ACROSS THE MIRAMICHI RIVER AND BAIE DES CHALEURS,
FROM THE PIAZZA OF THE INCH ARRAN, ON A MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

From photographs by an amateur.



CAMP LASALLE, LAKE MUSKOKA.—SUMMER RESIDENCE OF F. W. FEARMAN, ESQ., OF HAMILTON, ONT.

LAKE ST. JOHN DISTRICT.



THE MONTAGNAIS INDIANS, POINTE BLEUE.

From a photo. by Livernois.

gigantic structure, the leading architectural feature of the Paris Exposition. The engineer who built it and gave it its name is the same M. Eiffel who constructed the framework of the Bartholdi statue in New York harbour and the locks of the Panama canal. The tower stands four-square across the main avenue that extends throughout the Exposition. Its grand arches, something like a hundred and thirty feet high, frame in, according to the way one looks, either the hill of the Trocadero, beyond the river, or the whole nearer field of view. The arches in no way interfere with the vision. Seen from a distance, the structure has been said to remind an imaginative spectator of a candlestick of Brobdignag set down in Lilliput. But when one is close to it, its real sublimity can be appreciated. The smallness of detail gives a proper scale, and allows its vastness to be realized, yet without dwarfing the surrounding objects. The endless criss-cross lattice work of the construction; the innumerable struts, braces, tie-rods, and girders; the airy crocheting, whose stitches are iron beams often a foot across, fall into impressive bundles like ship's cordage, which always has a noble effect against the sky; and in the midst are platforms that recall the fore and mizzen tops and the top-gallant cross-trees. Elevators run up the four wide-spreading supports, following their slope; and from the first platform, their stopping-place, others go on to the top, making the complete journey in fifteen minutes, and carrying up some four hundred persons in an hour. Stairways zigzag interminably along the beams, which at a little distance present no peculiarity distinguishable from the rest. One is reminded of the staircase in Jacob's dream, for by no other work of man have heaven and earth been so closely connected. Along both the first and second platforms of the tower, the latter as high as the top of the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, is a row of pavilions each like a large hall in itself; and each side even of the second platform has apparently a stretch as great as that of a long New York city block. The eye is continually baffled, and continually returns in renewed wonderment at these vast dimensions. Patterns interwoven among the trusses for ornament are pleasing, and, altogether, the more closely the monument is examined, the greater is the demand on the admiration. The tower will, it is said, be valuable for scientific purposes, as meteorological experiments can be conducted through its means on most favourable conditions. The lower strata of the atmosphere, the formation of rain, fog, mist and dew, variations in humidity, and electric tension will be studied by many sets of registering instruments at various heights and capable of being consulted at the same moment. Even the astronomers expect to find their profit in the clearer air about the lantern that crowns its top. With the electric light shining in that lantern like a Parisian sun, while the electric fountain plays in the gardens below, the thousands who promenade in the grounds of the exposition have a spectacle that even France, the cradle of ingenious novelty, has never before given to the world.

THE CENTRAL DOME, PARIS EXPOSITION.—On another page our readers will find an engraving of the chief feature in the Palace of Industries of the Paris Exposition, the great Central Dome, rich with gold, bright with colour and ornate with sculptures of delicate workmanship. Surmounting it is the statue by M. Delaplanche, representing France distributing prizes to the nations. On either side of the great gateway, with its blazoned façade, are groups representing Commerce and Industry. If there is any fault to be found with this masterpiece it is that the ornamentation is profuse and that somewhat simpler might have been equally if not more effective. The beauty both of the whole and the parts cannot, however, be disputed.

THE 24-HOUR NOTATION CLOCK DIAL.—This dial, to which we would direct the attention of our readers, really explains itself. The ultimate adoption of what may be termed the natural method of time-reckoning, notation and nomenclature on this continent is now considered inevitable. It is satisfactory to know that Canada is, in one respect, ahead in this reform, the 24-hour notation having now been in use for some years on the Canadian Pacific Railway from Lake Superior to Vancouver, with all connecting lines, and on the Intercolonial from Quebec to St. John and Halifax. So far it has given great satisfaction, and the leading railway authorities desire to have it in use throughout Canada as soon as the public are ready for it. We have received a number of important pamphlets on this subject, with which we shall deal at some length in our next issue.

VICTORIA VICTORIOUS!

Indiaque et Natal, Australia, Canada, Malta,
Orbisque imperio servit, amica, tuo.

Well have thy hosts, from sun to sun,
World-girdling links of victory won,
Have vanquished all, have outraged none,
Victoria the Glorious!

Lustrous as mother, queen and wife,
Conquer'st all hearts with strifeless strife,
In "a nation's eyes thou read'st" thy life,
Victoria Victorious.

Hast conquered self with upward soul,
Hast reverence learnt and self-control,
Hast learnt the Law and keep'st it whole,
Victoria most Glorious.

Hast conquered Death and Hell and Sin,
Thro' the Gate of Pearl shalt enter in
And endless life with Albert win,
Victoria most Victorious.

F. C. EMBERSON, M.A.

Longue Pointe, May 24, 1889.

Quebec.

DARK MARIE.

An olden rhyme
To tone and time
My feet
They beat
The floor,
When tiny thing,
On golden wing,
Gan chirp and flutter o'er.

Art come? art come, a guest,
Bird of an olden time,
Who builded double nest
In other heart and mine?
On golden wing
Art come to sing?
Why, birdling, didst thou stray?
O sing for me,
Who sang for thee,
Sing thou for me
And dark Marie.
Love, we
Love thee
Always.

('Twas mem'ry struck the strings,
With her fingers lean and long.)
"Wilt droop, O Love, thy wings?
Shake, shake thee into song!"

Sweet, sweet, sweet the note
Broke from his throat;
Light he sang and airily—
Sang for me,
Sang for thee,
Indian-blooded dark Marie,
Love's best beloved one.

"May thy song thee never fail!
I have heard the nightingale
To the stars of Italy
Sing; never aught like thee.
Essence thou of melody!
Melody of melody!
When the matin broke the dark
Saw me rise the winged lark,
And a song did downward fling
Like to ghost of heavenly thing;
So mesaid: *It hath a ring.*
Pardon, pardon mine applause,
Happ'd mine ear untuned was;
Thee, O bird!
Had I heard,
Nor a tear
Had ever glistened
Nor mine ear
Had ever listened;
Song of lark it had not stirred,
But—but hymn it were unheard.
Tuneless evermore the grove
Where thou singest not, O Love!
This to thee—I tell thee true,
Yellow-spatter'd, wild gogloo:
Thou wilt die, and e'er again
With a note thou rack'st my brain.
Linnet, cease thy jargonings!
Whit-ting, merely—thou canst not sing!
Get ye far to woods of pine,
Whisper praises once were mine;
Weep ye o'er a glory gone,
Harmony is Love's alone.

"Soul of Song! what doth he say?"
"Truce, Marie—a truce, I pray!
Place thy dusky hand in this;
Thy lips, my love, he bids me kiss.
Birdling of the song divine,
Would that earthly words were thine,
So the world might hear profess
Mine, the Queen of Loveliness."

"What, my bird! thy song is o'er?
Dark Marie would hear thee more.

"Why thy head beneath thy wing?
Is it sleep or sorrowing?"

Closer, closer, closer press'd
To the perch his little breast.

"Dost thou know me, child of clay?
I am Sorrow."

"Go thy way,
I have known thee many a day."

"Thou did'st call me to thy home,
Otherwise I were not come.

Thou didst weep thy dead Marie;
That same tear it called me.

Know that by decree divine,
Weeping manhood's child of mine—"

"Thine! to thread his hair with gray?"
"Child, did I not teach thee pray?"

ART NOTES.

Daniel French of Concord has been commissioned to make the monument to Martin Millmore, the sculptor, to stand in the Forest Hill Cemetery at Washington, D.C. His design is a sarcophagus of granite, with two bronze figures representing a young sculptor whose hand is stayed by the Angel of Death.

A "Washington vase" is shown in Philadelphia which was finished too late for the Paris Exposition. It is silver, wrought by the hand in low relief and has the Liberty bell, medallions of Washington, scenes from his life, figures of progress and civilization, and, to crown all, a Bartholdi Liberty standing on a globe. The maker of this elaborate monument is Royer Luckenbach, of Sharon Hill, Penn.

Dr. Thomas Featherstonhaugh, a grandson of the geologist, has brought from Florida an interesting collection of aboriginal remains. He thoroughly examined a mound of damp sand on the shore of Lake Apopka, about the geographical centre of the state, and farther south than any previous researches of the kind. The mound was fifty feet in diameter and fourteen feet high, and was covered with a dense growth of palmetto and other trees. It was found to be full of fragmentary bones and pottery, so numerous that Dr. Featherstonhaugh estimates that there could have been no less than four hundred bodies deposited there. A few Venetian beads near the top indicated intrusive burials, but below four feet there were no evidences of any intercourse with whites. Four shapely hatchets were recovered, also a charm-stone, and numerous specimens of decorated pottery. The whole find was presented to Major Powell, and by him turned over to the museum.

When the London *Times* expressed its regret at the transfer to Berlin of the manuscripts of the Gospels in Latin, written in golden uncial letters on purple vellum, presented by Leo X. to Henry VIII., it was not known that the work was by an Anglo-Saxon scribe. Prof. Wattenbach of Berlin studied the vellum, the punctuation, the letters, and concluded that the work, although of the seventh century, was advanced enough to be Carolingian. And as the monasteries of Kent-Wara-Bryg, Bangor, and Lindisfarne were filled with caligraphers long before Alcuin went to the call of Charlemagne to teach caligraphy in France and Germany, the natural inference was that the manuscript could be only of Irish or English origin. Then Prof. Wattenbach searched the records of England and happily found that the Archbishop, Wilfrid of York, who flourished in 670 to 680 A.D., had the four Gospels written with the purest gold on vellum. Signor G. B. de Rossi has confirmed the fact of this Evangelium being the identical one written for Wilfrid, praised by his biographer, and in his epitaph preserved by Bede, and treasured in the monastery of Ripon.

The decorative furniture and old Sèvres and Dresden porcelain belonging to the late Field-Marshal the Earl of Lucan, G.C.B., have just been sold by Messrs. Christie. Some of the Sèvres brought good prices. Twelve plates, green and gold, with medallions of flowers—£40. Four square dishes of similar pattern—£49 7s. Two oval-shaped jardinières, white and gold, painted with Cupids and a landscape in pink, mounted in ormolu—£87. Ten plates, painted with a Cupid in pink, scroll pattern borders and flowers—£45 3s. A pair of tureens—£30 9s. An oblong jardinière, green ground, with landscapes—£26. A suit of six armchairs, sofa, and ottoman, covered in French tapestry and gilt—£54 12s. A Louis XV. writing table, with cylinder front of rosewood and tulipwood inlaid, and mounted with chased ormolu—£714 (Wertheimer.) A winged cabinet of red buhl, with open doors at each side, mounted with ormolu—£42. A Louis XV. library table of tulipwood, mounted with ormolu—£38 17s. A Louis XV. table of rosewood and tulipwood mounted with ornaments and borders of chased metal gilt—£42. The total of the 137 lots amounted to £2,261.

Every print collector is well acquainted with the most brilliant of the early works of the late Samuel Cousins, his mezzotint after Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture of "Master Lambton." The painting was exhibited in 1825, and Cousins, then quite a young man, engraved it immediately afterwards. Plate and picture alike captivated the public. Lawrence never had a better subject for his art, in which a real sense of beauty and an extraordinary power of draughtsmanship were crossed with a curious strain of weakness. The pretty, Byronic child, his velvet suit open at the neck, is seated on the top of the cliff, leaning his head on his hand, and meditating with wide-open eyes. In the original plate is quoted Byron's line, "To sit on rocks and muse o'er flood and fell;" and, indeed, the sentiment of the whole picture is the sentiment of "Childe Harold." Cousins' plate has shared and increased the fame of the picture; it is now rare and very valuable. Consequently it has at last received the high honour of imitation from a first-rate hand. M. Charles Waltner, the celebrated etcher, has entered into rivalry with it, and his etching deserves almost the same admiration which is commonly bestowed on the mezzotint. It is no easy task to reproduce in etching the softness of a velvet surface; but M. Waltner has succeeded in this, not for the first time. We are not surprised that his plate has already been bought up with some eagerness; before long it will be rare, like its predecessor. We may add that the publishers are Messrs. Obach, of Cockspur street, in conjunction with Messrs. Mawson, Swan and Morgan, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The picture is still in the possession of the Earl of Durham, for whose family it was painted.

Fov.

A Country Wedding.

BY YESTER.

I.

"Who'd have thought that Annie Denham could be married before you girls!" exclaimed my aunt, as she looked at my sister Belle and me over her spectacles.

"She's not married yet, auntie," answered Belle. "You know, there's many a slip, etc.—"

"Why, child, the day is settled and everything. Arthur's mind is made up this time; there's no doubt about that."

"Someone may come forward and stop the ceremony; or Annie may say 'No' instead of 'I will,' or Arthur may take a fit in the church. I know something out of the way will happen."

"Now, Belle, you're jealous," said I; "but, you see, he is our cousin, so it makes no difference to us."

"He might have done to fall back upon as a last chance."

"When I was a girl such a conversation would have been considered highly improper," said aunt.

"Now, auntie, dear, you started it yourself by drawing cruel comparisons between Annie and us. You know, your strong-minded nieces don't look upon marriage as their certain fate. It is only a possibility with us. We belong to a sort of easy-going sisterhood, and—"

"At it again, Belle," interrupted a gruff, uncertain voice at the window. "You'd make a splendid auctioneer if you were a man. When you're once wound up, there's no stopping you. But what was that about a sisterhood?"

"Don't ask her, Tom—you'll set her off again," I pleaded. "She only said we belonged to an easy-going sisterhood."

"Oh!" laughed our young brother; *very* easy-going. Fancy! sisters of charity putting in all the sliding, skating and snow-shoeing you can get through in a year, to say nothing of dancing and tennis."

"Belle went on arranging her bridesmaid's dress with a slightly offended air as Tom continued:

"I asked the boss about the fifth of July, and he says I can get away for a week; so I'm in for it," with a grimace. "Auntie, what does a fellow have to do when he's a best man? Any responses to be made?"

"No," said Aunt Sue. "I don't think Arthur would have asked you, with your cracked voice, if there were."

"I know something dreadful is going to happen at this wedding," said Belle, looking up from her work again. "Just think how ignorant we all are about getting married, and Annie and Arthur are as bad as ourselves."

"It's only Annie and Arthur who are going to do it, as far as I can see," croaked Tom.

"Yes, but they want a little help, and who is to give it to them? You wouldn't suppose Annie's father and mother had ever had a wedding, they seem to know so little about it. Then, there's no separating Arthur from that young collie of his, and if we are to have two puppies at the wedding," with a withering glance at Tom, "what can be expected?"

Tom grasped Belle's right hand and made her prick herself with the needle. "Stop grumbling now," he said. "I suppose the parson, whoever he is, will see that it's done securely, and that's the principal thing. Accidents will happen," he added, sagely.

"Yes, where you and Tim are," said I. "If Tim is to be there, I don't see what they want with me. As there are no responses to be made, he'd make as good a best man as I."

"Quite," said aunt. "Far better," said Belle. Annie Denham was our cousin on our mother's side. Our country cousin, she called herself, as her father had lived with his family on a farm in the Townships ever since she was a little girl, when he had sold his commission in the army. Arthur Weston, a young Montrealer, was our father's nephew, so the bride and bridegroom were not related. They had met each other the summer before while staying with us among the hills, where we were spending the holiday season at

one of the lakes which the Lake St. John Railway has opened up. Annie had been with us some months, but Arthur was only our guest three weeks, and in that short time had fallen a victim to the charms of our little cousin. There was some surprise shown at his preference, and many conjectures were made among the more fashionable young ladies as to the cause of his sudden choice. Of course, romances were built up, too:—A young belle from Boston, whom he had met at one of the carnivals, had jilted him; or else, it was a beauty from the Southern States who had left him disconsolate, and this was his revenge—etc., etc.

Belle always declared that the charm lay in Annie's domestic qualities, for she was an excellent cook and good manager generally, and she (Belle) would shock poor Aunt Sue by saying in her audacious way, "It's not the heart; it's the stomach; I know Arthur well."

We all wondered a little, for the unsophisticated little Annie seemed hardly the style of girl a society man would choose. Aunt Sue, with whom we lived—for we were orphans—was a little put out that our cousin was making quite a brilliant match, while the daughters of her favourite brother seemed to have poor prospects of being "settled." How we hated that word! Aunt Sue's notions were old-fashioned. She and her two sisters had married in their teens, and she found it hard to believe that girls of twenty and twenty-two could take part in the wedding of a cousin, aged nineteen, without suffering agonies of jealousy. All Belle's sharp speeches she attributed to her jealous pangs, while the sympathetic glances she gave me were sometimes too much for my gravity, and sometimes more than my patience could stand. She felt most for me, as I was the elder and had no admirers to speak of.

The wedding was fixed for the fifth of July, and was to take place from Springfield, Annie's home in the country. The ceremony was to be performed in the little wooden church, near the Denham's house, and all the guests who lived at any distance had to be accommodated in the house the night before the wedding. Belle and I were to go as soon as our dresses were ready and help to prepare for the breakfast, as all the cookery had to be done in the house owing to the absence of a confectioner in Springfield. The preparations had to be made for the guests, too, and shakes-down arranged.

The day before we were to leave home to go to the Denhams, Tom came home from Lower Town with a letter from Arthur Weston. We were packing up when he rushed into the room, trampling upon our daintily arranged dresses and petticoats, which were on the floor ready to be put into the trunk, and creating still greater havoc among our lace and feathers by throwing himself on the bed.

"Here's a go! Belle must be right about Weston. I do believe he's utterly demented. Where in the world do you think he means to spend his honeymoon?"

"Where?" we both asked. "Aren't they going straight home?"

"No. He seems to be sentimental over the hills where he first met Annie, and he's going to take her to Lake Edward to camp out, and Tim is to go, too, so that he can finish training him, and—"

"But Lake Edward is miles away in the woods," I cried, "and they'll be eaten up by bears."

"And mosquitoes and black flies," which are much worse," said Belle.

"And he wants me to see the rigging up of his blessed old tent, or get some fellows I know out there surveying to do it," continued Tom. "The things are coming down by boat to-night, so I'm in for it; and his gun and fishing-rod are coming here to stay till he calls for them after his marriage. It's a nice way to treat a lady, isn't it?"

All this, said loudly, with the many changes of tone and key peculiar to the cracked voice of a sixteen-year-old boy, served to rouse aunt from her afternoon nap, and she came in to see what we were quarrelling about.

Poor auntie! When she was young, nobody ever quarrelled, and she would go into agonies of grief over our little disputes, often succeeding in making us believe there was animosity, while in reality we rather enjoyed our little squabbles, if left alone.

However, we were all of one mind about Arthur's folly; indeed, aunt's indignation surpassed ours.

"Surely Captain Denham cannot know of this. Strange as he is, he can hardly approve of such a plan," she said.

"Oh! Aunt, you've no idea how jolly Uncle Harry is; he'd let a fellow do anything," exclaimed Tom.

"Well, when I was a girl, such a thing would have been unheard of. I travelled with my maid when I went on my wedding trip, but in this country everything is different."

"Now, auntie," said Belle, "you can't pretend to know anything of any other except from the pages of history."

"We are wandering from the subject," said I. "I suppose, Tom, you can arrange about the tent and fixings?"

"Yes, I dare say I can manage it. Baxter's a good fellow, and he'll put it through for me. Of course I can't go out myself. I've never been at the Lake, anyhow. Very few people have, except surveyors."

"It's a pity to be too young," I said. "If Arthur were marrying a girl, say over twenty-one now, she wouldn't consent to such an enterprise."

"Perhaps her own pliability was the subtle charm that did it," said Belle, "but I thought it was the jelly."

"Now, I say, you girls are shabby. Annie is a nice little girl, and I don't see why you need say such disagreeable things."

"Don't let it wound your chivalry, then," said Belle coaxingly to our young brother, who had called us to order. "We are all as fond of Annie as you are, but there is no harm in having a little fun over it. Such things don't happen every day."

II.

Our days spent at Springfield, Annie's home, previous to the wedding, were busy, indeed. Elsie Denham, Annie's sister, was to be first bridesmaid, and her dress was not even begun when we got there. Belle undertook that, as dressmaking was her forte. She gave up foreboding evil, and cheered Aunt Kate by her comical speeches. I took the bride-elect and her father in hand. The former was no trouble whatever, her only fault being that she was too anxious to learn; but how Captain Denham was ever to be educated up to the point of getting his daughter married was what puzzled me, especially as Belle had said I knew very little about such things myself. Then there was Aunt Sue's and Tom's arrival hanging over me. I knew, or feared, that, however well the Captain had been drilled, when he and Tom got together there would be no managing either of them, and I began to understand what Aunt meant by saying that when Harry Denham was near her she always got a nervous headache.

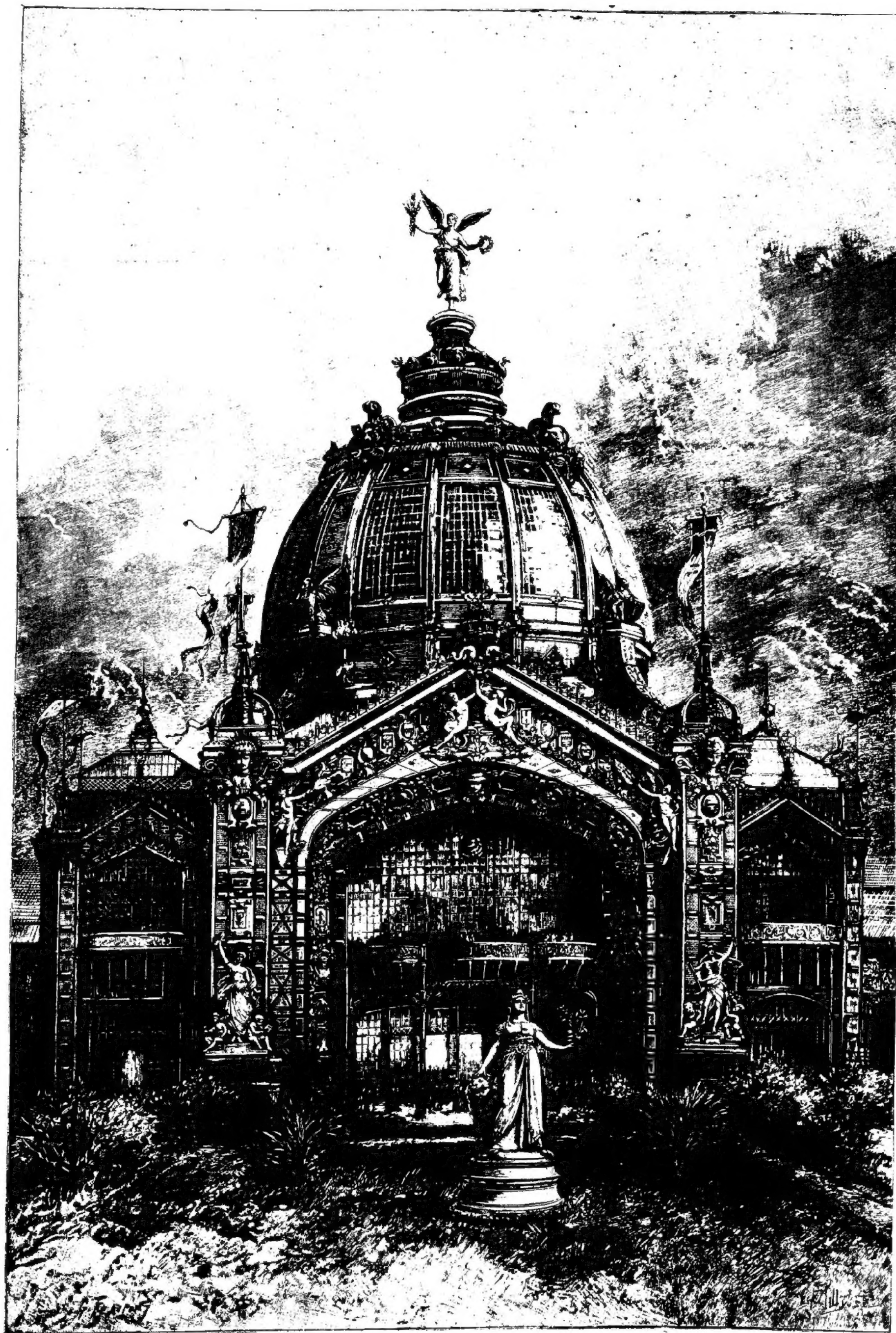
It was a slack time on the farm, but uncle busied himself in the garden, which was unfortunately near the house, and would come in twenty times a day with muddy boots on and his pipe in his mouth, walk over freshly swept carpets, and lay his hot pipe, from which the ashes would fall, on the newly oiled furniture, while Annie and I were busily arranging the rooms. Sometimes he would stretch himself, boots and all, in the sofa on the drawing-room, after we had put what we hoped would be the finishing touches to that room. He was terribly restless; for he could not endure life without Aunt Kate at his beck and call, and it was the first time since their marriage that anyone else had come first in her thoughts. The perpetual "Where's Kate?" would have been almost pathetic if it had not been so irritating. The worst of it was that he never came unattended. If there were not two or three dogs at his heels, he was followed by a retinue of piping young turkeys, whom he had cherished from their earliest infancy with such success that only one of the brood had died. These creatures, who were horribly tame, never hesitated to walk into the kitchen, where we were engaged in trial cookery for the wedding, and to help themselves to anything that came handy. Uncle would invariably make up the fire, to help us, when he came in, and the result was disastrous to our cookery.

(To be continued.)



THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—THE GREAT EIFFEL TOWER COMPLETED.

From *L'Illustration*.



THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—THE CENTRAL DOME.

From *L'Illustration*.

EDITORS' TABLE

On the 6th of May, 1863, Mr. Edward Taylor Fletcher, P.L.S., read before the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec a paper of considerable interest on "The Lost Island of Atlantis." The author therein tells the story of Atlantis, as narrated by Plato in the *Timæus* and *Critias*, with reference to later writers, such as Strabo, Diodorus Siculus and Ammianus Marcellinus, as well as to the Islands of the Blessed of the earlier Pindar. Having summarized the results of modern research and discussion bearing directly or indirectly on the same subject dwelling, by the way, on certain inferences drawn from the Basques and their language, so isolated in the midst of Aryan nations and forms of speech—he asks: "Are there physical grounds to corroborate Strabo's opinion that the Island of Atlantis had an actual existence, and that the narrative of Plato is not all a dream?" He then considers certain indications, suggested by the fossil flora and amber fauna of Central Europe, indications which gave rise to a hypothesis—said to be remarkably confirmed by the discoveries of Dr. Maury as to the configuration of the Atlantic bed—that at a remote period there was terrestrial connection between America and Europe. If that hypothesis be correct, "it may be," he says, "that when, in the oscillations of the earth's crust, the Island of Atlantis, covered with its subsequent deposits, again rises to the surface, some future geologist may lay bare the secrets of that last convulsion, may gaze with reverence on the firstborn of our race, and again expose to air and sunshine the reveller with his rose-wreath, the hierarch with his staff, and the mailed monarch with his sceptre and his crown." Since the date when those words were penned, a good deal has been written about Atlantis, and the theory of its former reality has still some able adherents. Prof. Winchell, author of "Preadamites," looks upon the Canaries as the only inhabited remnants of the great island-continent. Mr. Horatio Hale pleads strongly for an affinity between the Iberian ancestors of the Basques and the forefathers of the aborigines of the American wilderness. Sir Daniel Wilson, on the other hand, is inclined to believe that Plato's story embodied a vague tradition of knowledge, once current in Europe, of a trans-Atlantic country and people. It is not, however, with archaeology, or mythology or history, that we have now to deal, but with a poem of singular beauty of style and no common wealth of imagination, bearing the title of "The lost Island." The manuscript was sent all the way across the continent, having first traversed the fieth that separates the Island of Vancouver from the mainland of British Columbia, to be printed at Ottawa, under the supervision of Mr. G. W. Wicksteed, Q.C., the author's kinsman. In a note, Mr. Fletcher, after referring to the paper from which we quoted and given an extract from an article by M. Leon de Rosny, the distinguished ethnologist, writes thus of the poem: "For the rest, where all is mist and uncertainty, these lines being merely an excursus into the realms of fancy, I have not hesitated to shape the island and its adjuncts rather in accordance with the more sober narrative of Aristotle and Diodorus Siculus than with the large proportions and magnificent 'encadrement' of the Platonic legend." We are not kept long in suspense as to the quality of Mr. Fletcher's muse. Here are the opening verses:

Silent and lonely, in the summer-night,
Lay the great city. Through the marble streets
No footsteps moved: the palaces, the seats
Of wealth and power, the domes of malachite,
Where sculptured dragons, monsters carved in stone,
Alternated with statues, clear and white,
Of ancient warrior-kings, that stood in rows
Along the Cyclopean porticoes,
Were hushed; and over all the moonlight shone.

Along the beach, beneath the mazy wall,
The great sea rippled drowsily: afar
The headland glimmered, like a misty star,
Wearing a cloud wreath for a coronal;
And all the air was filled with tremulous sighs
Borne from the waste of waters, musical,
Yet dreamy soft, as some old Orphic hymn,
That floated up, what time the day grew dim,
From Dorian groves, and forest privacies.

Yet, in the voiceless silence of the hour,
An awful presence moved, unseen unheard;
It glided onward on its way, and stirred
The sleepers' hearts with dreams of gloomy power,
Visions of fear, and throbbings of despair.
The plague was here. There was no house or bower
Safe from his darts: from every door had gone
Some friend or father, some beloved one,
Borne to his grave by the red torches' glare.

And, as a lovely flower, that seems to fade
In summer's heat, and bows its golden head,
Turning from those fierce heavens overspread,
To muse, in sadness, on some dewy glade,
So many a maiden perished, white and still,
And many a soft angelic face, that made
The sunshine of its home, grown cold and gray
Beneath the coming shadow, passed away;
So warm of late, now passionless and chill.

Alas! the little children:—where was now
Their laughter, many voiced?—their sportive wiles,
Their bounding feet, and witchery of smiles,
With floating hair, and faces all aglow?
Silence and tear into their play had come,
Dulling each pulse and shadowing each brow;
And so they wept and wondered. Side by side,
Lay young and old, the bridegroom and his bride,
The child and sage, all summoned to one tomb.

The plague still rages; the once happy island is filled with sounds of sorrow; day and night and day go by and still

there is no pause in Death's terrible work. The island queen, Evanoe, "a figure of heroic mien," passes at earliest dawn through the "sculptured valves" of the palace, and goes, "all unattended, save by one stout thrall," to visit "her aged nurse, now breathing slow her life away."

The sinking soul, that seemed forever gone,
Woke at the sudden footstep, and a thrill
Of recognition o'er the features passed.

Then, having blessed her children, she was gone. In the following stanza Mr. Fletcher describes the utter indifference of nature to all human emotion:

So all was done. Still shone the sun abroad:
And bird and insect, butterfly and flower,
Basked in the glorious splendour of the hour:
Still, through the air, like footsteps of a god,
Murmured the low soft wind, and all was bright:
No shadow fell on these, nor were they awed:
When, through their midst, a naked human soul
Passed, like an exhalation, to its goal;
A hubble rising to the Infinite.

Evanoe is once more alone in her palace chamber.

She sat alone. It was an antique room,
Lofty, not large; the cornice pearl-inlaid:
The floor mosaic; and the wall arrayed
With tapestry, whose softly shaded gloom
Was lit with life-like figures, passing fair,
The product of some long forgotten loom.
White marble forms, hunters and kings of old,
Stood in quaint nooks, and vases of wrought gold
Held richest flowers, whose perfume filled the air.

She thought of many a legendary rhyme
Told by her nurse, in the long vanished days
When she, a child, sat listening, with fixed gaze,
To those delightful stories of old time.
Here sat she, patient, on her lowly stool,
And heard how, first, when struck the fated chime,
Out of the deep, like a fair lotus-flower,
ATLANTIS rose, and, warmed by sun and shower,
Expanded, bearing all things beautiful.

Thereon the gods came down, and dwelt with men:
Through the dim avenues of giant trees
They walked conversing, or on peaceful seas
Sublimely trod, nor shrank from human ken.
The air was musical with song and mirth
Of vigorous, lusty life; from glade and glen
Soft clouds of incense rose; the passing hours
Seemed garlanded with amaranthine flowers;
Nor yet was pain or sorrow known on earth.

Why should not what had been in distant ages be once more? Why should not "Some god, some mighty one" now visit Atlantis and

"Sweep, as with a conqueror's brand,
This pestilence from out the heavy air,
And bring back health and joy and all things fair!"

And, musing having passed into wishing, Evanoe adds:

"Him should I honour: he should share my throne."

The reader has now the key to the plot.

Scarce had the wish been framed, when came a sound
Of sudden thunder.

The deliverer appears; the plague is stayed,

And they were happy through long sunny years,
The island-queen and Sanadon.

Joyous as summer-birds, they wandered oft
Through regions wild and full of loveliness,
Through lonely places, where the hum and stress
Of cities came not, and the air was soft
With balmy odors of sweet-scented pines;
Where, in the clear blue, the white clouds sailed aloft,
And streams flowed on through plains, or leaped in falls
From rock to rock, in broken intervals,
Bordered with lotus-blossoms, and leafy vines.

Sometimes they went inland, and visited
The mountain solitudes and privacies,
Wherein the island waters had their rise:
And taking, thus, some river at its head,
They drifted downwards on its placid stream,
Passing by caverns dark, and full of dread,
By headlands frowning vast, and flowery ward,
By golden sands, and beds of odorous nard,
And banyan groves, all wondrous as a dream.

Then, borne aloft in his aerial car,
The Marat brought them over sea and land
Towards the rising sun, beyond the strand
Of far Iberia.

In their wanderings they saw Prometheus, Ulysses and others of the demi-gods and heroes of the world's prime. At last they reached their island home, only to hear strange notes of warning. Sanadon learns of the doom that awaits Atlantis. He could have escaped it, but prefers to give his life for the preservation of his people, the destined

Forefathers of the mighty ones of earth,
Founders of world-wide realms now vanished long.

But Atlantis was not forgotten. To them and their descendants it

It was always sacred, and its memory
Still lived unfading, as the years rolled by,
A germ of legend, and a theme for song.

Those who would know the truth about Manitoba, its soil, products, towns and municipalities, its Government Land Offices and homestead regulations, its railways and topography, should consult "Brownlee's indexed Railway and Guide Map of Manitoba." About 27x16 inches in dimensions—the scale being 12 miles to the inch—this map, arranged on the same plan as Rand and McNally's series, making it possible to find the smallest place without the least delay, is encyclopedic in its information. A complete list of the towns, villages, etc., alphabetically arranged, with references to their location on the map, is printed as to indicate whether they are grain centres or railway stations. Various signs also make it known at a glance whether any place mentioned on the map has elevators or warehouses, grist mills, schools, post offices, etc. Altogether this "indexed map" will be found extremely valuable to all who have occasion to make inquiries concerning Manitoba. The publisher is Mr. J. H. Brownlee, P.L.S., of Brandon, Man., from whom it may be ordered, or it may be obtained through any bookseller.

MRS. CARLYLE.

In a volume, just published, in which Mr. A. S. Arnold tells "The Story of Thomas Carlyle," he gives the following picture of Thomas Carlyle's wife:

She was slightly built, airy and graceful. Her eyes were large and brilliant, black in colour, as was her hair. But it was the vivacity and intellectual beauty of her countenance that was her crowning charm. Unfortunately, she had her faults, like every other weak mortal, the worst of which were a fiery temper and a tongue that cut like a sword. . . . [Her] schoolmaster called her, Scotch fashion, a "leetle deevil." And in our opinion, she, in a certain sense, retained her character through life. . . . She had no idea of love in a cottage; in fact, she imagined she had done with love. She was naturally an impatient, excitable creature. . . . Try as he might he could never make her other than she was—stoical, all-enduring, stern, sarcastic, brilliant, impulsive. . . . She was no pliant clay to be moulded this way or that. . . . She was pre-eminently brave. For that alone her husband might have loved and admired her, as well as for her many other noble qualities. . . . Her letters prove that the first twenty years of her married life she was indisputably as happy and contented with her lot as a previously-disappointed woman could possibly be; that her home was cheerful and bright; that Carlyle was invariably tender and kind in manner; that he appreciated every little labour of love on his behalf; and that the small amount of occasional drudgery circumstances forced upon her neither impaired her health nor damped her spirits. . . . She was a born coquette, by which term we mean that she loved admiration and delighted in pleasing the sterner sex; no more. She never pretended what she did not feel, as flirts do. . . . What Mrs. Carlyle most appreciated was recognition of her own intellectual gifts. . . . Like most intelligent women, Jane Carlyle preferred the society of gentlemen to ladies as a rule. . . . Jane was singularly intellectual. She was superior to small talk; she detested stupidity, dulness, conventionalism; she was no blue-stocking, no female pedant, but gifted, enthusiastic, intelligent, straightforward, without an ounce of affectation. . . . She only moped when society was not attainable. . . . She wrote down what she would have been ashamed to say. . . . Celebrity had been her ambition; but to make herself appear a martyr, and her gifted husband a perfect tyrant, through whom alone she was entitled to more celebrity than many another equally gifted woman, was not to her credit. . . . She knew perfectly well how to take care of herself. She was not a martyr to Carlyle at all. She knew when she required change, and took it, and where to find enjoyment. . . . But Jane, whatever her virtues, was not considerate or magnanimous. . . . Jane had no veneration for sacred things—had no reverence for goodness. . . . She scoffed at all religion. . . . All the worship of which she was capable she bestowed upon brain power, to her the one thing needful. . . . For the poor she cared not a jot, was never for a moment impressed with an enthusiasm for humanity. . . . There was no opinion he valued more highly than hers on his literary productions. She invariably told him her candid opinion, without any addiction to flattery. . . . She was never, even as his wife, what Mrs. Taylor was to John Stuart Mill, as friend only. She criticised, but never inspired or shared Carlyle's work.

Mr. Arnold's description is scarcely flattering, but its vigour is undeniable, and, although somewhat more might have been said of the "many other noble qualities," which, as we have seen, he attributes to Mrs. Carlyle, it unquestionably places in a strong light the really salient features of her character.

A memorial to Alexander Humboldt was recently erected in the so-called Humboldt field, one of the new parks of Berlin. As a statue of the great naturalist already stood in the centre of the town, the new monument was given a very different form. From all parts of the province of Brandenburg the largest possible erratic stones (glacial boulders) were brought together and arranged in imitation of a terminal moraine. In their vicinity curious stones of many other sorts are grouped, and one bears a simple inscription telling that the monument was erected in Humboldt's honour by the city of Berlin.

RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

"S. S." sends us "a delicious *morceau* for our d— paper" (it is modesty that makes us hesitate). Thanks. "Ichabod Crane" is, indeed, a delicious *morceau*, but it has begun to have "a very ancient and"—in fact, as things go in the New World, it belongs very decidedly to antiquity. It was certainly a happy thought to adapt its quaint humour to "modern instances." We fear, nevertheless, that "Ichabod" in the Eastern Townships of to-day, even in "Missisquoi County and other backward places" (as our adapter wickedly interpolates), would find himself very much in the position of that son of the same father, Rip Van Winkle. Again thanks; but, with undiminished admiration for Washington Irving, and the kindest regards for his witty adapter, we would prefer something more hodiernal.

The wrath of some of our contributors when compositor and proofreader have failed to decipher their "copy" is sometimes more than we can bear. If they knew how much we take it to heart, they would spare us. We know too well the shock it is to find that for the very word which one has chosen out of several competitors to express one's meaning has been substituted another which "lacks all common sense," or any sense. But does not the fault sometimes lie with the writer? If those who send manuscript to be printed would just read it over carefully with that wonder-working middleman, the compositor, in their mind's eye, and ask themselves, as they pass from sentence to sentence or from stanza to stanza, whether it is possible for the ordinary typesetter to make it out, they would be doing a service to themselves, to the printer, to the proofreader and to the public.

On the whole, indeed, we cannot complain. We have received some "copy" so fair and clear that we have placed it among our treasures, as well for the sake of the writers as for the pleasure of contemplating work well done. A certain minister of Louis Philippe, through whose hands all kinds of documents were wont to pass, became at last such an expert in handwriting that he could (or claimed that he could) tell at a glance whether any document was of a suspicious nature simply by the character of the manuscript. The printer, in like manner, becomes a graphiologist through long practice, and he is inclined to have a very poor opinion of the man or woman who cannot write his or her thoughts legibly. Some are naturally obscure both in thinking and writing. Some think lucidly, but their writing does them injustice. Some, again, write legibly enough, but are confused in the construction of their sentences. There is no person, however, who may not, by taking pains, so write that the printer may read the "copy" without embarrassment and waste of time, and the habit of doing so is one which even the brightest genius should not disdain to acquire. In the last resort, it is, indeed, a question of courtesy, of consideration for others.

Besides, whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. The notion that slovenly handwriting is associated with great mental endowments is a baneful heresy. If, in some few cases, persons exceptionally gifted have been wont to write rudely or carelessly, the defect or negligence was to be deplored, if willful, as a trait of moral perversity; if involuntary, as so much to be detracted from the sum of their merits. Some of the greatest names in literature belong to writers whose manuscript was as clear as print. Of our own poets, Roberts, Mair, Murray, McLennan, Martin, Duvar, Lesperance, Lighthall, McColl, Sangster, etc., all write fine clear—some of them beautiful—hands.

"George" wants to know how he can improve his style. It is not the first time that we have been asked this question since our hair began to turn grey. Horace's advice—*mutatis mutandis*—is still probably as good as any that could be given: Study the best models. But there the problem becomes vexed and hesitations begin. A couple of years ago Sir John Lubbock raised a storm of controversy with his "hundred best books." A well known reader, writer and thinker of this city made the famous list the subject of an essay, with which he regaled a private literary circle. The members

were, on an average, of more than average culture, and he put the question to them whether several works in the catalogue were familiar to them. They all replied in the negative. Nor did they express any penitence at having lived so long in ignorance of treatises so highly recommended. The fact is that the reading of most persons who read most is necessarily specialized, and beyond certain lines of study or research, they have little leisure for comprehensive courses.

Some time ago the *Forum* devised a plan for getting at the truth as to the kind of literary pabulum on which some of the great minds of our day have been nourished. It asked a number of leading men in letters, education, the professions and other walks of life, to give, in the form of reminiscences, brief accounts of the influences, which, through the medium of books, had most contributed to their intellectual and moral development. The series of papers, written in reply to the invitation, appeared subsequently in a small volume bearing the title of "Books that have helped me." The chief value of this record of various experience is the thorough honesty of the autobiographers. Among them are the Rev. E. E. Hale, Moncure D. Conway, Edward Eggleston, Andrew Lang, Brander Matthews and a single lady, Jeannotte L. Gilder.

We cannot, of course, attempt to give a *resumé* of what these distinguished persons say of themselves, and of the books that went to the making of them. It is worth mentioning that, while Mr. Hale found it possible to go to sleep over John Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding," he derived benefit from "Robinson Crusoe," "Jane Eyre," "The Heir of Redclyffe," "Coningsby," "Pendennis" and "The Christmas Carol." Of "Sartor Resartus" his first knowledge was not agreeable. He was, in fact, posed by an uncle, who was reading it in *Fraser*, inopportunistically demanding its meaning, and he was, to his chagrin, obliged to put in an "ignoramus." But, whether he knew Latin or not, he soon became intimately acquainted with Carlyle. "It is not one man or two in that generation," he writes, "it is every one who wrote or read English, who was under his power." A benefaction of one of the Hopkineses, still existing in Cambridge, is expended for prizes in the freshman year, mostly books, known from the formula pasted on the cover, as "Deturs." Some good angel so guarded the purchaser of the "Deturs" in Mr. Hale's freshman year as to make him include in the list a copy of Dr. Aikin's "British Poets." Another good angel wrote his name on the "Detur" paper that was pasted on its cover. It was an elegant book—none more tasteful has he since seen, and to him especially valuable as containing what is best in English poetry from Cowley to Cowper. "And," says Mr. Hale, "it is astonishing and useful to consider that, on the whole, pretty much all the good poetry in English between the year 1650 and 1799 can be printed in a volume as big as the Bible." This book was a great comfort to him. "Many a long evening, many a stormy day, have I sat and read 'Paradise Lost,' Pope's 'Essay,' even Somerville's 'Chase,' and the 'Castle of Indolence,' just as one reads the only paper in a country railway station, because I had nothing else to read, and was too lazy to go in quest of anything else."

The following passage contains the moral of Mr. Hale's article: "As to the choice of books to possess, I am sure that Mr. Emerson is right when he says, 'Buy in the line of your genius.' The misfortune is that so few of us know what the line of our genius is. For these persons, if they live in the neighbourhood of public libraries, I think the best rule is to buy few books, except books of reference: as many of *them* as you will. Let the few be of the best."

After all, it is somewhat vague counsel for those who most need counsel—that is, beginners in life and literature who desire to be definitely guided towards the right path. It is, however, impossible to read Mr. Hale's essay throughout, and the other essays (there are twelve altogether) in the volume, without deriving some practical benefit. What helped the contributors to the series ought, we should think, to be helpful to other aspirants

after excellence. If we were to add anything of our own, it would be that a great deal depends on the habit of attention in reading, and of painstaking in writing. If a book is worth reading at all, it should be read carefully. If one undertakes to write on any subject, whether briefly or at length, he should bring whatever he has of knowledge and judgment and taste to bear upon the task.

Some time ago we were asked the origin of the syllables used in music for solmization. They were taken from the first stanza of a Latin hymn in honour of John the Baptist, written by Paul Warnefrid, of Aquileia, generally known as Paulus Diaconus, or Paul the Deacon. This is the verse in question, with the syllables marked in italics:

*U*queant *l*axis *r*esonare *f*ibris
*M*ira *g*estorum *f*amuli *t*uorum,
*S*olve *p*olluti *l*abii *r*eatum,
Sancte *J*oannes.

To facilitate the intonation of the notes of the scale various expedients had already been devised, when Guido d'Arezzo, in the eleventh century, bethought him of these syllables, which soon became popular. The syllable *si* was added at a much later date. The Italians substituted *do* for *ut*, which is still used by French musicians. In the tonic sol-fa method these syllables are modified into doh, rah, me, fah, soh, la, te.

We love to hear good things of the *Canadien errant*, though, of course, we would prefer, when he is every way estimable and especially when he does us credit, to have retained him amongst us. But the question sometimes arises: Had he stayed on with us, would he have risen to such eminence as he has since attained? Here, for instance, is a book that was put into our hands not long since, through the kind remembrance, on the author's part, of old scenes and acquaintances—a very worthy book—"William Shakespeare Portrayed by himself"—the author of which was known in Montreal as a compositor many years ago. He must be well on in years now, for, although he was young when he migrated, there are only two or three of the craft who can recall his personality. Robert Waters has been all his life a student. Some time ago he published a life of William Cobbett (in whom Canada has also some share), and it was the means of our introduction to him through the mediation of a common friend. We take this opportunity of mentioning him as one of our Canadian authors (for he has no more forgotten us than his right hand has forgotten its cunning), and of recommending his last book to students of Shakespeare.

Mr. Grant Allen, who is (ah! quel dommage!) another of those wandering Canadians, in one of his delightful essays on the pedigrees of flowers and other growths, gives a piece of botanical genealogy which may be said to figure forth his own career. In one of the chapters of "Colin Clout's Calendar" he speaks of a small creeping wood-sorrel, with yellow blossoms, instead of the lilac-veined petals of the familiar English species, as being the commonest weed in a certain little English garden. "It is," he adds, "an interesting little plant in its own way, for, contrary to all natural traditions of emigration, it has moved eastward, against the way of the sun, and has come to us across the Atlantic from the broad central plains of the American Continent. There is something strange in the notion of a weed from the new world overrunning the fields of the old, and living down the native inhabitants of more anciently civilized Europe." Perhaps a still better parallel would be "the Canadian Michaelmas daisy . . . now beginning to push its way boldly along the grassy margin of Southern English roadsides." Then there is the Canadian pondweed, introduced as a botanical specimen in 1847, which has spread all over Britain, and whose conquering progress no European rival can check. "Colin Clout's Calendar—the Record of a Summer" is in the author's happiest vein, as entertaining as it is instructive.

A good collection of water colours by New York artists in shown in Baltimore, under the auspices of the Charcoal Club. It contains work by Carroll Beckwith, Wiles, T. Moran, William Chase, Charles Baker, F. H. Smith, Hamilton Gibson, W. H. Drake, Swain Gifford and G. W. Maynard. The artists represented belong to what is called the Artists' Guild of New York.

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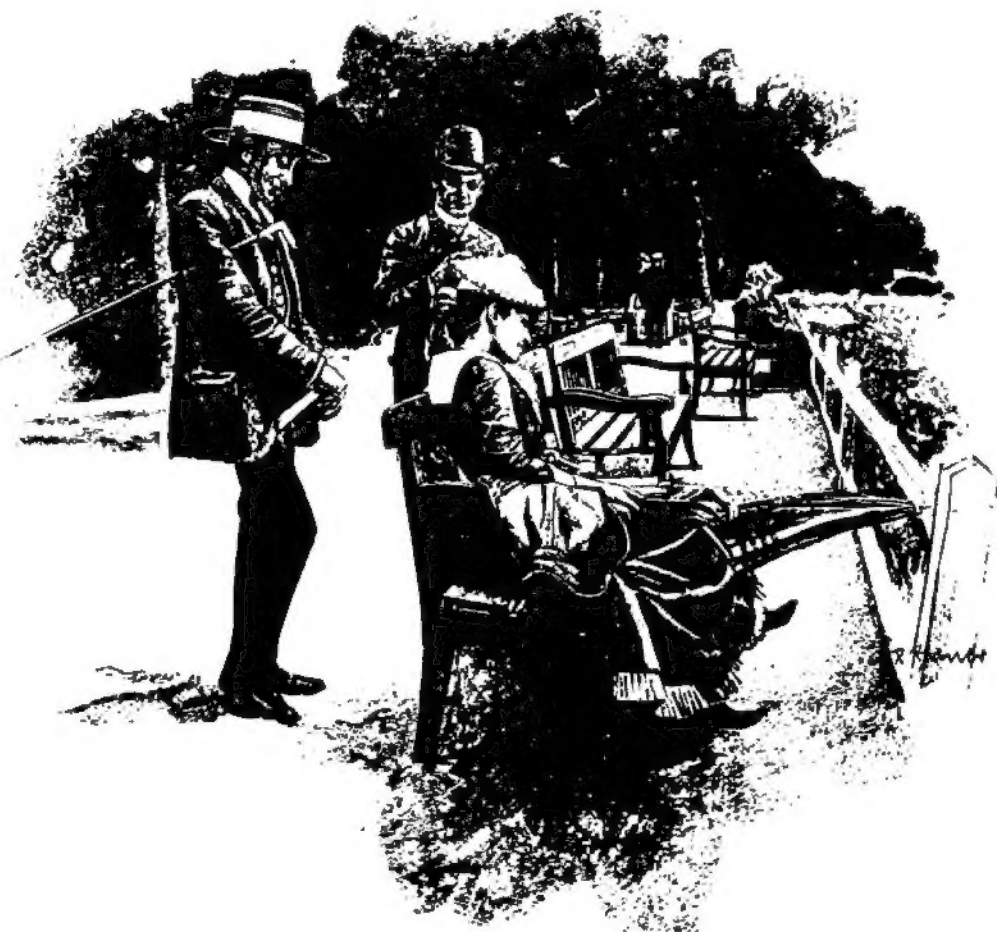
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